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LITERATURE AND SCIENCE.

THE RELATIVE PLEASURES AND PROFITS OF AGRICULTURE.

To the Editor of the Quarterly Journal of Agriculture:

Sir,—I have received your letter of the 15th of March, and regret that neither my experience nor ability is adequate to do justice to the various topics you have intimated relating to the subject of agriculture. Since you have paid me the compliment to consult my opinions, I will endeavor briefly to state them, in a manner which will substantially constitute a reply to your several inquiries.

The pursuit of husbandry has not yet attained to the rank to which it is entitled in the northern portion of the United States; a rank which is conceded to it in some other sections of our country, and among the most enlightened nations of Europe. This circumstance will serve to retard advances in this most useful avocation, which a higher estimate on the part of the enlightened classes of our citizens could not fail to create. Yet it cannot be doubted that this department of life will more and more be sought for its intrinsic advantages, presenting as it does a healthful occupation to mind and body, and a stability which no other pursuit can equal. It might seem invidious to institute comparisons among the several occupations incident to civilized life. Let it suffice that each has its appropriate usefulness, and that husbandry is not the least useful or least honorable among them. Many illustrious men have borne testimony to the diversified pleasures of rural life, and that it affords occupation to the most enlarged capacity.

In reply to the question, whether 'capital may be profitably invested in cultivated land,' I confidently answer it can; and I am of the opinion, that in no other way can a moderate fortune be so profitably employed. In adopting this conclusion, I am supposing the objects to be safety, productiveness, comfortable life, pleasant occupation, the education of children, and the transmission of property to descendants. It may on a superficial view appear paradoxical, that the cultivation of land can compete in profits with the adventures of commerce, or the operations of machinery. It is the greater uniformity in the products of land, contrasted with the ever fluctuating character of commerce and manufactures, which establishes the point in question. If it be true, as is asserted, that our country every twenty years witnesses the insolvency of the whole aggregate trading fraternity, what does it not argue in favor of a pursuit in which a man never need fail? The habits of expense engendered by commerce constitute a heavy annual levy upon the income of the prosperous merchant. Those habits are too likely to survive the prosperity which fostered them, than which a more deplorable condition cannot well be imagined. But he who resides on a landed estate, and practices assiduity, and evinces the intelligence of the merchant, the manufacturer or professional man, may sustain himself during periods of depression without a diminution of capital at any rate. His habits are frugal, which is equivalent to wealth; his daily occupation is a lesson to economy, a term seldom addressed and never palatable to American ears, a virtue as far removed from meanness as it is from prodigality, the more general practice of which could not fail to give greater stability to private and public prosperity. The trading classes usually incur debts beyond the capital possessed by them, and frequently credit alone is the expedient relied upon. The farmer of even small possession need incur no debts; this difference is vital, and gives to the land proprietor a guarantee of success and certainty which other classes cannot possess. My object in the preceding remarks is to inculcate the idea that to those who are in circumstances to elect their mode of life, agricultural pursuits are most eligible. But in order to succeed in husbandry in the condition of things existing among us, the proprietor must vigilantly conduct his own affairs; he may hire men to labor, but he cannot so readily hire them to think. A man with us, who has a respectable capacity, will become a small proprietor rather than a hireling. Agriculture is not an amusement, more than law or commerce are such; and what lawyer or merchant could dream of success while leading a life of idleness or pleasure?

Agriculture is not incompatible with mental cultivation; it is favorable to virtue, as the farmer knows nothing of the strifes and rivalries, which grow out of competition in other pursuits, and which lead men to look with an evil eye upon the prosperity or skill of a neighbor. The country resident escapes many of the time-destroying frivolities of the town, and on the other hand, has fewer of the social advantages which conduce to refinement. These things may be an offset to the freedom and healthfulness of rural existence, where man draws less of his satisfaction from others, and more from himself and the works of God, divested of the conventional rules which constitute an artificial existence.

There is one part of your letter which I deem it important to notice, as it is the most practical part, and relates to the articles of culture which an agriculturalist should select as his own, among the many. In determining the objects of culture which a farmer should select as primary, the circumstances of soil, position and the price of land, should govern. In western New York, wheat is the great staple, for the reason that so much of the soil of that region is well adapted to its production. The Hudson river counties, on the contrary, seem, by the variety of soil, to be favorable to the dairy, wool-growing and stock generally, as also to the growth of all the grains produced in a northern latitude.

What is denominated *controvertible husbandry* or rotation of crops, is the improved feature in modern husbandry, as it condu-

ces to the constant improvement of land; and while it diminishes labor it increases products. Neither grazing nor cropping exclusively can be deemed judicious, as both when combined are admirably calculated to aid each other, the former supplying manures to give a profitable effect to the operations of the plough; and besides, the regular employment given to laborers at all seasons, by uniting the different parts into one system, is an advantage which every economist will appreciate.

In conclusion, I would decidedly discourage amateur farming, as it usually is brief in its history, and disastrous in its results. But to such as seek rational employment where a comparative independence may be enjoyed, I would recommend agriculture. If I may be allowed to speak of my individual undertakings, I would say that in an investment of a large sum in the course of a few years, in land, improvements and animals, commenced in inexperience, and misdirected by ignorance, my anticipations of profit have not been disappointed. The nature and magnitude of the trust have tied my attention to its accomplishment, and I have the satisfaction of finding my income yearly increasing, and my expenditures diminishing. I am, sir, yours, &c.

Bellefont, 1854.

HENRY W. DELEVAN.

A TALE OF LOVE.

On the verdant banks of the Hudson, stood a neat little cottage. There, retired from business and the bustling metropolis, an old gentleman tranquilly passed the evening of his life, with his wife, son, and two daughters. From the giddy eminence of dazzling wealth and splendor, this father had been dragged down into the vale of adversity by one of those sudden revolutions which, following the establishment of our national independence, overthrew that of many individuals. His riches flowing into the coffers of others previously poor, bore them upon the tide of prosperity to the lofty height from which their predecessors had fallen. A sufficiency remained to enable the aged couple, in travelling the downhill journey of their years, to procure the comforts of the road. They hoped to see their children industriously earning themselves a subsistence. One of their sons was already of high rank in the army; bold, impetuous, and sometimes too rash, yet an excellent young man. One of their daughters living with them in their retreat was about fourteen years of age, the other eighteen; both of them beautiful, amiable, and accomplished. The latter had more of a city, scientific, and fashionable education; the former, since the family quitted the belle. The elder girl, Emily, frequently spent winters in town, among former gay acquaintances, whither her younger brother, about sixteen, who lived at the cottage, occasionally accompanied her, to prosecute his literary pursuits. She was all artlessness and innocence,—

"I have marked
A thousand blushing apparitions start
Into her face; a thousand innocent shames
In angel whiteness bear away those blushes."

Emily was tall, large, and sufficiently full in form to make her appear the dignified figure which the world thinks should distinguish a princess. Yet there was nothing masculine in her demeanor. A complexion very fair, the tint on her cheek rivaling the blush of the rose—eyes of light blue, as lovely as if their lustre was borrowed from the azure canopy of heaven—small, pouting lips, like two brilliant rubies—glossy, golden hair, wanting in profuse ringlets, scarcely restrained by the ribbons and tortoise shell—a high forehead, graceful, slender neck, round and exquisitely formed shoulders, the charms of her features attracting the beholder with a peculiar fascination. But as I can only show her portrait in words, the complete picture must be left to the reader's fancy. Of her person, enough to add that

"Grace was in all her looks—
In every gesture, dignity and love."

In mind, discreet, sensible, elevated, pure and modest—in manners, unobtrusive, possessed of feelings mild, yet quickly susceptible when her esteem permitted her affections to follow. Keenly alive to all the little attentions which real friends offer each other, and true to her attachments, she was shrewd in perceiving any alteration in the mind of another, however deeply it was attempted to be concealed under the darkness of artifice,—however denied by word or smile. She had rejected many lovers, wealthy, and to most maidens unobjectionable. Although she respected, she did not love them. There was in her breast a native modesty, which seemed a barrier against the arts of suitors. The man who desired to wed her, before he could hope to be listened to on the subject of love, must have become master of her whole soul. Alas! she met him. They were introduced to each other one evening in the city, amid sounds of mirth and melody. Around them the young and beautiful were tripping it 'on the light fantastic toe,' every grace set off to the best advantage by tasteful dress, by the smiles which frolicked in every eye, and the lights reflected from brilliant topazes, rubies and diamonds. Emily and her new acquaintance danced, talked, and laughed together, while some of her discarded, yet hoping lovers, gazed upon their new rival with envious eyes.

The next evening he called upon her at her friend's house and was received politely. His visits were frequent, and soon excited the conversation of their respective relatives. Neither mingled in the 'festive cheer' of evening parties without the other. She would be seated at her piano, while his flute joined in the sweet sounds of harmony which she produced, and their souls were filled with soft emotions. But when their voices, turned to the 'lays of love,' poured forth their united strains, they almost

forgot the world and its cares. For many months successively, Emily would remain in New York, then be followed to her retreat by Edward. They took walks together, rode over the hills and through the valleys, enjoying each other's society undisturbed, sailed on the billows of the bay, and talked to each other of the grandeur of the broad ocean before them. The barge bore the lovers under the huge perpendicular rocks, which form the New Jersey shores called 'the Palisades.' From the narrow channel they viewed with emotions of awe and delight the lofty scenery of the Highlands, and strayed on their romantic surface through each tangled copse, wild dingle and bushy dell. Now startled at the loud and repeated echoes of the deep thunders' reverberations among the mountains, now listening with pleasure to the gentle rippling of the rivulet, as it hurried down the rough descent of some rude, sequestered glen, like unrequited love, breathing its low murmurs to the silent wilderness—or they plucked the fragrant wild flowers which hung over and dropped their buds into the stream. Their souls mingled in the soft unison, as they 'looked through nature up to nature's God.'

It could plainly be perceived that Edward had but to ask Emily; and she would gladly consent to bless his heart and hand with the unsullied, unreserved affection of her pure and ardent breast, whose hopes of happiness, whose every dream of love, centred in him and him only. He did so, she smiled, and referred him to her parents. He flew to their apartment, and threw himself at their feet. They required time to give their answer, and Edward turned again to the gayeties of his native place. His offer was communicated to his parents by Emily's father.

In the physical world, the most furious electrical storms often succeed smiling, summer calms. The pure blue of heaven is suddenly charged with black and portentous clouds, which anon send forth deepening peals, resounding among the hills and shaking the firm earth. The forked lightnings dart their swift-destriving and unseen wrath into the domestic circle, blackening and blasting the house and its trembling inmates. So it was in the moral atmosphere of Edward and Emily's fate. The friends of both parties, some of them not knowing each other, and none of them partaking of the feeling of the lovers, scouted at the proposed union. Those of Edward ridiculed the idea of a portionless maiden marrying their relative. Those of Emily objected that Edward was just commencing his commercial career, his own small property was embarked on the uncertain ocean, and they could not think why a maid should want a husband unless ward, and gradually his manner grew more reserved and cold, till, as she foreboded, he seemed to have abandoned the idea of being united to her. Weeks rolled away, months were carried down on the ceaseless tide of time into the fathomless gulph of oblivion, yet Edward came no more. From Emily's expressions her thoughts seemed to be, that she could have borne the taunts of her relatives, but the neglect of him whom she had selected from all the world, and without whom society was a desert, evidently prayed upon her sensitive and wounded mind. She pined in silence, and her fine features became 'sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought.' Her warm affections had wandered o'er many an inviting field in the landscape of human nature, which appeared to her too uncongenial for nurturing their tender blossoms. She had at last found a delightful refuge, the reception was propitious, her sensibilities took root, and in full bloom they suddenly felt the soil around them turning to ice. Emily was true; but the object of her love, was he false? She sometimes encountered his eye in the crowded city, it only recognised her as a passing acquaintance.

She resorted less often to the town. She became fond of solitude, and by persons hastily entering into her presence was often found in tears, though the cause assigned by her for weeping was obviously too trivial for such an effect. The rose of her features faded, and the lily usurped its place, and her mind at times became so abject, that she answered questions quite wide of their meaning. All guessed her feelings, yet

"She never told her love,
But concealment, like a worm in't, had
Feed on her damask cheek;"—

Emily's former suitors rallied with new ardor to the attack. She treated them all with civility, but was the same to them as ever, except with more of melancholy in her demeanor. One of them informed her that Edward was engaged to be married to a young, fashionable, and opulent lady. She replied not. The placid smile which brightened her countenance, like 'light on graves,' shone upon lifeless hopes buried in her bosom. Her mother's sisters told her they wondered why she did not give her hand to some one among her admirers, each of whom was praised for a variety of good qualities. Jest and jeer, scorn and slander were retailed abundantly against Edward. They hoped to laugh and reason Emily out of her attachment. But like the needle of the north, she was steady and constant. I frequently saw Edward. He was wrapped in his studies, earnest in his pursuits, frolicked with the gay, and seemed to forget that every careless smile of his bedewed with a corresponding tear the soft cheek of a lovely female. However, in truth he was neither cruel nor thoughtless, but had reconciled himself reluctantly, to the sad and stern necessity, of remaining single on account of his circumstances. Vague rumors of the altered state of Emily's manner and appearance reached his ear. He imagined that it was the momentary effect of her weakness and folly, and that she would soon forget an engagement, whose fulfillment would only entail upon them both the reproaches of their relatives and

their own unhappiness. Yet he eagerly listened to every report about her, and expected soon to hear of her marriage. Emily gradually declined. Her cheek grew pale and hollow, her form ghastly, her eye sunken and lustreless.

One hot afternoon, about two years after Edward had left her, she was sitting by her father's side on the porch, the jessamine and woodbine clustering in fanciful festoons of nature's weaving around the pillars of the door, and she was shaking the pelucid drops from their buds, wet with a recent shower. The distant hills could scarcely be seen through a heavy, damp mist which floated lazily and sluggishly along the fields. 'Gracious heavens!' suddenly exclaimed her young brother, who, being at a little distance, rushed towards her and caught Emily's sinking form. She fell senseless into his arms. The whole family were alarmed. Her brother and father bore her into the open air under the shade of a tree, and fanned and sprinkled cold water on her lovely face and neck. She opened her eyes, and instantly exclaimed, placing her attenuated fingers on the top of her head, 'Oh! my brain, it burns!' She muttered to them to move her about. They ran up and down the green with her, rubbed her temples, till at last she revived sufficiently to be carried to her bed. There she lingered until the physician pronounced the source of her strange emotions to be some derangement in the organs of the heart. She was in some degree restored by powerful medicines and brought to town for change of air. Her parents now became alarmed; her young brother invited Edward to the house, as if for some matter of business. He came, conversed with the family, saw Emily, who appeared to be recovering, and was cold and absent as ever.

Sometimes Emily appeared more lively than usual, and hinted at believing that Edward was engaged in schemes of obtaining sufficient wealth to overcome all obstacles to their union. At one of these intervals, on a cold winter's day, to the surprise of all, Edward's name was announced at the door. Emily looked round upon her friends and smiled triumphantly, as if she deemed he had come to fulfil her fond expectations. He entered, saluted the company, seemed cheerful, yet anxious, while he was conversing on different topics. 'Miss Emily,' said he, 'may I speak alone with you for a few minutes?' She rose and walked with him into another apartment. Seated by the fire, Emily endeavored to hide the tumult in her bosom, but Edward seemed to be gay and undisturbed by any unusual sensation, they inquired concerning each other's pastimes—hers of the country and his of the noisy town. Edward drew some papers from his pocket and handed them to Emily. She looked at them. They were her letters to Edward, filled with confiding expressions, which none but mutual lovers could commit to each other's keeping. Her eye moved not from them. A slight tremor of her now pale lip betrayed her consciousness of some impending evil. 'Will you,' said he, 'return mine?' Silently Emily quitted the room, and soon re-entering, handed him the warm effusions of his heart, fervently and fully exhibited in his part of their correspondence, then reaching forward, put into the fire the many testimonials of her affection which Edward no longer valued. Both viewed without motion, or utterance of a syllable, the burning emblems, the sacrifice of an eternal separation. Edward rising, made happy with this, one of your many friends, who will please your parents and connexions better than ever I could.' She replied not, but her gaze was still fixed upon the ashes of the papers, as he bade her a kindly adieu.

Long after his departure, Emily's mother entered the room, and found her yet looking into the fire, the tears streaming down her cheeks. By much entreaty, her affectionate parent wrung from her the reluctant relation of the incident, which had opened afresh the almost healed wounds of her daughter's soul. All Emily's air-built castles were now crumbled into ruins. More rapidly than ever, one symptom of dissolution succeeded another in her system. She was resigned to death, 'smiling at grief.' 'This will not do,' said her father. He at last wrote to Edward, that he no longer had any objections to his daughter's union with him. Edward respectfully returned the letter and said his determination was fixed, but thanked him for his good opinion of his merits. Emily soon became delirious, she raved about trifles. Her parents, sympathising in her sorrows, were fast sinking into the silent tomb. Edward was told of the change and his faith wavered; he began to believe in the reality of constant love, and dreaded that he might become a murderer, by first gaining the affections of a tender female, then with a ruthless hand tearing their fibres from his heart, around which they had woven themselves too closely to be withdrawn, but by destroying the bosom from which they sprang. He flew to her silent and shaded apartment. 'Hush!' said her weeping brother, 'she is dead!' A thunderbolt could not have more successfully stunned him into insensibility. 'She is revenged,' muttered her brother in a solemn tone. Edward was lifted to a couch, and means for his re-animation attempted. He opened his eyes which stared on vacancy. At this moment Emily's elder brother, George, entered the room, having just returned from his regiment, brought by the news of his sister's illness and Edward's neglect, and had just heard of his sister's death. As soon as George beheld Edward, whom he had learned to hate, unable to control his feelings which completely mastered his reason, in a whirlwind of passion, furiously drawing his sword, 'Wretch!' exclaimed he, 'assassin! do you come, now you have murdered that lovely creature, to triumph in your success?' With phrenzy in his look, he rushed with the weapon pointed to Edward's breast, as Emily's young sister cried out, 'he will kill Edward,' when a piercing scream arrested the impending blade, which, having already entered the bosom, in a moment more would have been sheathed to the hilt in the unfortunate Edward's heart. It was the shriek of Emily. The words she uttered were the echo of her sister's, 'they will kill Edward!' George sprang to her, raised her in his arms, breathed on her lips, kissed her cheek and wept tears of joy, to hear that beloved voice, which he thought was forever hushed into the silence of the grave. Edward, who was not seriously wounded, clasped her in his arms, and soon the return of his affectionate nothings, whose absence had brought her to the brink of death's dark abyss, restored her faculties. She gradually recovered. His attentions re-lit in her eyes the sparkling smiles

of joy, the color returned to her lip, the hue to her cheek, and in time, vivacity to her manners. But she never fully regained the former cloudless serenity of her brow. Her fragrant breath which invited Edward's to mingle with it, as he threw his arm around her neck, could not entice back to her sweet mouth, which Edward kissed with fondness, the deep ruby ripeness, which had formerly been so strongly contrasted with the snowy whiteness of her teeth. The rich bloom on her soft cheek, though less brilliant, assumed the delicate form of a slight blush. And worst of all, disease was entrenched in her bosom, in the very citadel of life. Nevertheless, the pleasures of the little family were renewed, Edward and Emily became a wedded pair, and still live in comparative health and happiness. Heaven has blessed them with a lovely offspring. Edward soon, by his energies, boldly forced fortune to shower her favors into his lap, and to dispense them to the parents of his beloved Emily.

[New Yorker.]

THE WIFE.—BY WASHINGTON IRVING.

The treasures of the deep are not so precious
As are the concealed comforts of a man
Lock'd up in woman's love. I scent the air
Of blessings, when I come but near the house,
What a delicious breath marriage sends forth!
The violet bed's not sweeter.

I have often had occasion to remark the fortitude with which women sustain the most overwhelming reverses of fortune. Those disasters which break down the spirit of a man, and prostrate him in the dust, seem to call forth all the energies of the softer sex, and give such intrepidity and elevation to their character, that at times it approaches to sublimity. Nothing can be more touching than to behold a soft and tender female, who had been all weakness and dependence, and alive to every trivial roughness, while treading the prosperous paths of life, suddenly rising in mental force to be the comforter and supporter of her husband under misfortune, and abiding with unshrinking firmness, the bitterest blasts of a diversity.

As the vine which has long twined its graceful foliage about the oak, and been lifted by it into sunshine, will, when the hardy plant is rifted by the thunder bolt, cling round it with its caressing tendrils, and bind up its shattered boughs; so is it beautifully ordered by Providence, that woman, who is the mere dependent and ornament of man in his happier hours, should be his stay and solace when smitten with sudden calamity; winding herself into the rugged recesses of his nature, tenderly supporting his drooping head, and binding up the broken heart.

I was once congratulating a friend, who had around him a blooming family, knit together in the strongest affection. 'I wish you no better lot,' said he with enthusiasm, 'than to have a wife and children. If you are prosperous, there they are to share your prosperity; if otherwise they are to comfort you.' And indeed, I have observed that a married man, falling into misfortune, is more apt to retrieve his situation in the world, than a single one; partly because he is more stimulated to exertion by the necessities of the helpless and beloved beings who depend upon him for subsistence; but chiefly because his spirits are soothed and relieved by domestic endearments; and self respect kept alive by finding that, though all abroad in darkness and humilia-

is the monarch. Whereas a single man is apt to run to waste, and self-neglect; to fancy himself lonely and abandoned, and his heart to fall to ruin, like some deserted mansion for want of an inhabitant.

These observations call to mind a little domestic story, of which I was once a witness. My intimate friend Leslie, had married a beautiful and accomplished girl, who had been brought up in the midst of fashionable life. She had, it is true, no fortune, but that of my friend was ample, and he delighted in the anticipation of indulging her in every elegant pursuit, and administering to those delicate tastes and fancies, that spread a kind of witchery about the sex. 'Her life,' said he, 'shall be like a Fairy Tale.'

The very difference in their characters produced a harmonious combination: he was of a romantic and somewhat serious cast; she was all life and gladness. I have often noticed the mute rapture with which he would gaze upon her in company, of which her sprightly powers were the delight, and how, in the midst of her applause, her eye would still turn to him, as if there alone she sought favor and acceptance. When leaning on his arm, her slender form contrasted finely with his tall, manly person. The fond, confiding air with which she looked up to him, seemed to call forth a flush of triumphant pride and cherishing tenderness, as if he doated on his lovely burden for its very helplessness. Never did a couple set forward on the flowery path of early and well suited marriage with a fairer prospect of felicity.

It was the misfortune of my friend, however, to have embarked in large speculations, and he had not been married many months, when by a succession of sudden disasters, it was swept from him, and he found himself reduced almost to penury. For a time he kept his situation to himself, and went about with a haggard countenance, and a breaking heart. His life was but a protracted agony, and what rendered it more insupportable, was the necessity of keeping up a smile in the presence of his wife, for he could not bring himself to overwhelm her with the news. She saw, however, with the quick eyes of affection, that all was not well with him. She marked his altered looks, and stifled sighs, and was not deceived by his sickly and vapid attempts at cheerfulness. She tasked all her sprightly powers and tender blandishments to win him back to happiness, but she only drove the arrow deeper into his soul. The more he saw cause to love her, the more torturing was the thought that he was soon to make her wretched. A little while, thought he, and the smile will vanish from that cheek—the song will die away from those lips—the lustre of those eyes will be quenched in sorrow, and the happy heart which now beats lightly in that bosom, will be weighed down like mine, by the cares and miseries of the world.

At length he came to me one day, and related his whole situation in a tone of the deepest despair. When I had heard him through, I enquired 'Does your wife know all this?' At the question he burst into an agony of tears. 'For God's sake!' cried he, 'if you have any pity for me, don't mention my wife, it is the thought of her that drives me almost to madness.'

'And why not?' said I. 'She must know it sooner or later; you cannot long keep it from her, and the intelligence may break upon her in a more startling manner than if imparted by yourself for the accents of those we love, soften the hardest tidings. Besides, you are depriving yourself of the comforts of her sympathy; and not merely that, but also endangering the only bond that can keep hearts together—an unreserved community of thought and feeling.' She will soon perceive that something is secretly preying upon your mind; and true love will not brook reserve; it feels undervalued and outraged, when even the sorrows of those it loves are concealed from it.

'Oh, but my friend! to think what a blow I am to give to all her future prospects—how I am to strike her very soul to the earth, by telling her that her husband is a beggar! that she is to forego all the elegances of life, all the pleasures of society, to shrink with me into indigence and obscurity! To tell her that I have dragged her down from the sphere in which she might have continued to move in constant brightness, the light of every eye, the admiration of every heart! How can she bear poverty? She has been brought up in all the refinement of opulence. How can she bear neglect? she has been the idol of society. Oh! it will break her heart, it will break her heart—'

I saw his grief was eloquent, and I let it have its flow; for sorrow relieves itself by words. When his paroxysm had subsided, and he had relapsed into moody silence, I resumed the subject gently and urged him to break his situation to his wife. He shook his head mournfully, but positively.

'But how are you to keep it from her? It is necessary that she should know it, that you may take the steps proper to the alteration of your circumstances. You must change your style of living—nay,' observing a pang to cross his countenance, 'don't let that afflict you. I am sure you never placed your happiness in outward show; you have yet friends and warm friends, who will not think the worse of you for being less splendidly lodged; and surely it does not require a palace to be happy with Mary—'

'I could be happy with her,' cried he convulsively, 'in a hovel! I could go down with her into poverty and the dust! I could, I could—God bless her! God bless her!' cried he, bursting into a transport of grief and tenderness.

'And believe me, my friend,' said I, stepping up and grasping him warmly by the hand, believe me she can be the same with you. Aye, more; it will be a source of pride and triumph to her. It will call forth all the latent energies and fervent sympathies of her nature; for she will rejoice to prove that she loves you for yourself. There is in every true woman's heart a spark of heavenly fire, which lies dormant on the broad daylight of prosperity, but which kindles up and beams and blazes in the dark hour of adversity. No man knows what a ministering angel she is, until he has gone with her through the fiery trial of this world.'

There was something in the earnestness of my manner, and the figurative style of my language, that caught the excited imagination of Leslie. I knew the auditor I had to deal with, and following up the impression I had made, I finished by persuading him to go home and unburden his sad heart to his wife.

I must confess, notwithstanding all I had said, I felt some misgivings as to the result. Who can calculate on the fortitude of one whose whole life has been a round of pleasures? Her gay spirits might revolt at the dark downward path of low humility suddenly pointed out before her, and might cling to the sunny regions in which they had hitherto revelled. Besides, ruin in fashionable life is accompanied by so many galling mortifications, to which in other ranks it is a stranger. In short, I could not meet Leslie the next morning without trepidation. He had made the disclosure.

'And how did she bear it?'

'Like an angel! It seemed rather to be a relief to her mind; for she threw her arms round my neck, and asked me if this was all that had lately made me so unhappy. But poor girl,' added he, 'she cannot realize the change we must undergo. She has no idea of poverty but in the abstract; she has only read of it in poetry, where it is allied to love. She feels as yet no privation; she suffers no loss of accustomed conveniences or elegancies.'

When we come practically to experience its sordid cares, its paltry wants, its petty humiliations—then will be the trial.'

'But,' said I, 'now that you have not got over the severest task, that of breaking it to her, the sooner you let the world into the secret the better. It is not poverty so much as pretence, that harasses a ruined man—the struggle between a proud mind and an empty purse; the keeping up a hollow show that must soon come to an end. Have the courage to appear poor, and you disarm poverty of its sharpest sting.' On this point I found Leslie perfectly prepared. He had no false pride himself, and as to his wife, she was only anxious to conform to their altered fortunes.

Some days afterward he called upon me in the evening. He had disposed of his dwelling house, and taken a small cottage in the country, a few miles from town. He had been busied all the day in sending out furniture. The new establishment required few articles and those of the simplest kind. All the splendid furniture of his late residence had been sold excepting his wife's harp. That, he said, was too closely associated with the idea of herself; it belonged to the little story of their loves; for some of the sweetest moments of their courtship were those when he had leaned over that instrument, and listened to the melting tones of her voice. I could not but smile at this instance of romantic gallantry in a doting husband.

He was now going out to the cottage where his wife had been all day superintending its arrangement. My feeling had become strongly interested in the progress of this family story, and as it was a fine evening, I offered to accompany him.

He was wearied with the fatigues of the day and as we walked out fell into a fit of gloomy musing.

'Poor Mary!' at length broke, with a heavy sigh from his lips.

'And what of her?' asked I, 'has any thing happened to her?'

'What!' said he, darting an impatient glance 'is it nothing to be reduced to this paltry situation, to be caged in a miserable cottage, to be obliged to toil almost in the menial concerns of her wretched habitation?'

'Has she then repined at the change?'

'Repined! she has been nothing but sweetness and good humor. Indeed she seems in better spirits than I have ever known her; she has been all love, and tenderness, and comfort!'

'Admirable girl! exclaimed I. 'You call yourself poor, my friend; you never were so rich; you never knew the boundless treasures of excellence you possessed in that woman.'

'Oh! but, my friend, if this first meeting at the cottage were over, I think I could then be comfortable. But this is her first day of real experience; she has been introduced into a humble dwelling; she has been employed all day in arranging its miserable equipments; she has, for the first time, known the fatigues of domestic employment; she has for the first time looked around her on a home destitute of every thing elegant; almost of every thing convenient; and may now be sitting down, exhausted and spiritless, brooding over a prospect of future poverty.'

There was a degree of probability in this picture that I could not gainsay, so we walked on in silence.

After turning from the main road up a narrow lane, so thickly shaded with forest trees as to give it a complete air of seclusion, we came in sight of the cottage. It was humble enough in its appearance for the most pastoral poet; and yet it had a pleasing rural look. A wild vine had overrun one end with a profusion of foliage; a few trees threw their branches gracefully over it; and I saw several pots of flowers tastefully disposed about the door, and on the grass plot in front. A small wicket gate opened upon a footpath that wound through some shrubbery to the door. Just as we approached, we heard the sound of music; Leslie grasped my arm; we paused and listened. It was Mary's voice singing, in a style of most touching simplicity, a little air of which her husband was peculiarly fond.

I felt Leslie's hand tremble on my arm. He stepped forward to hear more distinctly. His step made a noise on the gravel walk. A bright full face glanced out at the window, and vanished—a light footstep was heard, and Mary came tripping forth to meet us; she was in a pretty rural dress of white; a few wild flowers were twisted in her fine hair; a fresh bloom was on her cheek; her whole countenance beamed with smiles; I had never seen her look so lovely.

'My dear George!' said she, 'I am glad you are come! I have been watching and watching for you; and running down the lane, and looking out for you. I have set out a table under a beautiful tree behind the cottage; and I've been gathering some of the most delicious strawberries, for I know that you are fond of them; and we have excellent cream; and every thing is so sweet and still here. Oh!' said she, putting her arm within his, and looking up brightly in his face, 'Oh! we shall be so happy!'

Poor Leslie was overcome. He caught her to his bosom; he folded her in his arms; he kissed her again and again; he could not speak, but the tears gushed into his eyes; and he has often assured me, that the world has since gone prosperously with him, and his life has, indeed been a happy one, yet never has he experienced a moment of more exquisite felicity.

[Sketch Book.]

THE FIRST KISS OF LOVE.—On writing this word, we feel our breast fluttering beneath a clogging weight of fear, just as it did—we care not to say how many years ago. It is a strange and beautiful thing—first, innocent love. There is that in female beauty which it is pleasure merely to gaze upon; and beware of looking too long. The lustrous black pupil contrasting with the pearly white of the eye and the carnated skin—the clear, placid blue, into which you see down, down to the very soul—the deep hazel, dazzling as a sun-lit stream, seen through an opening in its willow banks—all may be gazed upon with impunity ninety-nine times, but, at the hundredth you are a gone man. On a sudden, the eye strikes you as deeper and brighter than ever, or you fancy that a long look is stolen at you beneath a drooping eye-lid, and that there is a slight flush on the cheek, and, at once you are in love. Then you spend the morning in contriving apologies for calling, and the days and evenings in paying them off. When you lay your hand on the door bell, your knees tremble, and your breast feels compressed; and, when admitted, you sit, and look, and say nothing and go away, determined to tell your whole story the next time. This goes on for months, varied by the occasional darning of kissing a flower, with which she presents you; perhaps in the wild intoxication of love, wafting it towards her; or in affection of the Quixote style, kneeling with mock heroic emphasis, to kiss her hand in pretended jest; and the next time you meet, both are as reserved and as stately as ever. Till, at last, on some unnoticeable day, when you are left alone with your lady, you, quite unawares, find her hand in yours, a yielding shudder crosses her, and, you know not how, she is in your arms, and you press upon her lips, delayed not withheld.

'A long, long kiss—a kiss of youth and love.'

SIR COLIN CAMPBELL.—About six weeks before the battle of Assaye, General Wellesley thought it necessary to obtain possession of an important fort, named Ahmednugger. It was taken by a most gallant esculade. In the thick of the assault General Wellesley saw a young officer, who had reached the top of the 'very lofty wall' thrust off by the enemy, and falling through the air from a great height. Gen. Wellesley had little doubt that he must have been severely wounded, if not killed by the fall; but hasting to inquire the name and fate of the gallant young fellow, he had the satisfaction of seeing him in a moment after comparatively little injured, again mounting to the assault. Next morning the General sent for him, offered to attach him to his staff as Brigade Major, and from that hour, through all his fields and fortunes, even to the conquests of Paris, continued him in his personal family and friendship, and used sometimes to say that the first time he had ever seen him was in the air. That young officer is now Sir Colin Campbell, Knight Commander of the Bath, a Major-General in the army, and Governor of Nova Scotia.

NAMES.—A writer in the Illinois Pioneer says that the following nick-names have been adopted to distinguish the citizens of the following states.

In Kentucky they're called Corn-Crackers; Ohio, Buckeyes;

Indiana, Hoosiers; Illinois, Suckers; Missouri, Pukes; Michigan T., Wolverines; the Yankees are called Eels.

WIT.—In a private conversation, the late earl of Chatham asked Dr. Hensler, among other questions how he defined wit? The doctor replied, 'My Lord, wit is what a pension would be, given by your lordship to your humble servant—a good thing, well applied.'

MANNERS, CUSTOMS, AND HISTORY OF CHINA.—The Rev. Charles Gutzlaff, who possessing a perfect knowledge of the language, traveled in the disguise of a native through the interior of China, is preparing for immediate publication a history of that empire, almost entirely derived from original sources.

CURIOUS ATMOSPHERIC EFFECT.—My own beard which in Europe was soft, silky, and almost straight, began immediately on my arrival at Alexandria, to curl, to grow crisp, strong, and coarse, and before I had reached Es-Souam, resembled horse hair to the touch, and was all disposed in ringlets about the chin. This is no doubt, to be accounted for by the extreme dryness of the air, which, operating through several thousand years, has in the interior changed the hair of the negro into a kind of coarse wool. [St. John's Travels in the Valley of the Nile.]

ROACHES.—A morning paper says that the following will prove effectual in the removal of Roaches. Take one pound of chloride of lime and mix it with one quart of water. Place the mixture in the closets, &c., infested by the roaches, and in the course of twenty-four hours, not one will be found on the premises.

THE WIFE.—It is not unfrequently that a wife mourns over the alienated affection of her husband, when she has made no effort herself to strengthen and increase his attachment. She thinks because he once loved her he ought always to love her, and she neglects those attentions which first engaged his heart. Many a wife is thus the cause of her own neglect and sorrow. That woman deserves not a husband's generous love, who will not greet him with smiles as he returns from the labors of the day; who will not try to chain him to his home by the sweet enchantment of a cheerful heart. There is not one man in a thousand so unfeeling as to withstand such an influence and break away from such a home.

TOBACCO.—In some interesting reminiscences of a trip to Saratoga Springs, recently performed by himself, the senior editor of the New York Commercial Advertiser makes the following remarks on tobacco, which we commend to the especial attention of our tobacco-loving and snuff-taking readers:—

'How we hate tobacco! No matter in what shape the vile herb is used, it is absolutely loathsome! We do not wonder at the alarm of Sir Walter Raleigh's servant, when, after the return of the gallant knight from Virginia, he first saw his master smoking the Indian weed. As the story goes, Sir Walter being engaged in smoking a comfortable pipe in his apartment, rang for his butler for a can of ale. On his entrance, the servant saw with affright the smoke rolling in wreaths of clouds from his master's mouth, and believing him to be internally on fire, he dashed the contents of the canning can into his face! James the First, has never received credit from the world for half the intellect which he possessed. Had he never written any thing more than his famous treatise entitled, 'A counter-blast against tobacco,' his reputation as a man of sense must have been established; and poor Mrs. Trollope! notwithstanding all the ungallant attacks upon her book, we shall always remember and honor her, for the intrepidity of her assaults upon tobacco chewers and spitters. In our best society, we are happy to say, the use of tobacco is daily becoming less and less. Gouverneur Morris said emphatically, that gentlemen never smoked; but although the remark was rather too broad, yet it is so far true, that smoking, or using tobacco in any form, is no mark of a gentleman. And yet how many respectable people, especially from the country, will stick a segar into their mouths the first thing after breakfast, because they think it is genteel! On board our steamboats too, and at our best hotels, how much that is disgusting do we see, resulting from the use of tobacco. Spit, spit, spit—it is loathsome. And now, kind reader, just imagine the writer and his friend seated in one of the compartments of a rail-road car, with a fat old lady on one side, continually taking snuff, and a huge two-legged featherless animal on the other, with two cubic inches of plug tobacco in his mouth—speaking now and then, while the loathsome juice or saliva is collecting in his facial reservoir, like a frog from the bottom of a well, and ever and anon stretching across the lap of our friend to eject the offensive flood from his mouth through the window! There's a situation for you! We are aware that snuff-taking is looked upon as a comparatively venial offence. Southey, however, has somewhere devoted one of his severest satires to it, beginning thus:

'A delicate pinch! oh how it tingles up
'The utilising nose, and fills the eyes,' &c.

But let any one who justifies the practice of snuff-taking, look upon the nose, and the upper lip, and the chin, and the frills, and 'kerchiefs, on the neck of the old woman we have spoken of, and if he don't change his opinion, we'll give it up. She was past sneezing; but the wind brought a few particles of the pulverized leaf athwart the olfactory of a third person, who gave a sneeze that was absolutely astounding; and it was repeated—a-chee-he—a-chee-he-he—a dozen times in succession—now pausing for a moment, as if to decide whether he could not refrain—until in despite of his exertions, out the a-chee-he would come again. It reminded us of the description of a sneeze by an Italian wit, of which Leigh Hunt has given the following free translation:—

What a moment! What a doubt!
All my nose, inside and out,
All my thrilling, tickling, caustic,
Pyramid rhinocerosic
Wants to sneeze and cannot do it!
Now it yearns me, thrills me, stings me,
Now with rapturous torment wrings me,
Now says 'Sneezee you fool! get through it.'
Snee—snee—Oh, 'tis most delicious!
Ishi—ishi—most delicious!
(Hang it! I shall sneeze till spring)
Snuff's a most delicious thing.

'The late Mr. John Cook, State Librarian of Albany, was at once the smallest man and the greatest sneezer ever known in this country; he did not sneeze as often as some, but when it did come, it was like the explosion of a magazine!'

HUMAN FRATERNITY.—There are seasons when, although our health is unimpaired, and the vigor of our minds unabated, yet, the warm aspirations of our hearts are checked—the attractions of the world for a time pass before us unobserved, and when even the blandishments of the domestic circle are forgotten in the multitude of grave meditations. The winding-sheet is a screen to shut out from observation whatever, at other times, renders the spirits buoyant, elevates the imagination by the splendor of its imagery, or engrosses the thoughts by the prospect presented of worldly interest. The coffin and the winding-sheet! Who can look on these, and not instinctively bring his meditations within the narrow compass which encloses the relics of a human being prepared for melancholy interment? How unimportant, how totally valueless does the wreck which death makes of one solitary pilgrim through this vale of tears, render all, all the pomp of retinue, and the magnificence of wealth. The touch of the destroyer turns every thing into dross, or crumbles it into ruins, and nothing can avail to restore what death destroys or tarnishes. The importunities of ardent affection cannot prevent loveliness from sinking under his pressure, or beauty from withering when he is sent to blast it; neither can the cries of bereaved love, though they rend the ligaments of the heart, recal the one, or reanimate the other.

BUT YESTERDAY—we passed unmeasured encomiums on the learning and eloquence of one who convinced us by the force of his reasoning, or captivated us by the charms of his declamations. To-day—we are gathered around his shrouded relics, looking into his grave, and there witnessing the triumph of death over human wisdom, wit, and intellectual greatness! Of the two, which is the more eloquent, his captivating declamation as it now strikes the chords of memory, or the grave before us which sends forth the hollow murmurs of his coffin as it is let down by the undertaker. How cautious in his every movement! And why? There stands one in deep though silent grief, and at her side a group of weeping children, to whom even the cold, insensible remains of a husband and a father are a sacred deposit, and the grave-digger knows what anguish of heart the slightest recklessness would occasion. They cannot but realize that the object of their affection is as a clod of the valley, and remembering that but yesterday they impressed on his lips the tribute of theirs, they fondly believe that death has spared to him some little consciousness of their love. And since the sacred hallucination sheds round their hearts a melancholy bliss, to undeceive them would be next to cruelty.

BUT YESTERDAY—we saw, pressing through the agitated crowd, him whom successful speculation and enterprise had made wealthy—we saw him still adding house to house, active in the midst of profitable business, enjoying those luxuries which his opulence enabled him to procure, and with animation in his eye, and the flash of health in his countenance, anticipating a long life of earthly enjoyment. To-day—a winding-sheet is his only apparel—a coffin and the grave his only inheritance—and his body is consigned to the worms of the earth!

BUT YESTERDAY—the cheek of female loveliness mantled with the glow of health. In the circle of her associates she moved with a happy equanimity, shedding around the blandishments of her kindness, and by the cheerfulness of her disposition, dissipating from the brow of others, the melancholy that was gathering there. To-day—surviving friendship weeps over her faded beauty, and the chamber of death is opened to receive the deposits of these lovely ruins. We have been led to these reflections by the mortality around us. [Vis.]

FROM BERMUDA.—By the schr. Jane, we have received a Bermuda Royal Gazette to the 12th ult. inclusive. The emancipation act went into operation on the 1st ult. Says the Royal Gazette of the 5th,

The Rubicon is passed, the step from slavery to freedom has been taken, a step which for confidence and honest boldness stands unequalled in the annals of the world; and we sincerely trust that the movement has been effected with the same ease and security in the other British Colonies that it has been in this. For thus this act of our beloved Monarch William the Fourth—even though his period of sovereignty was unmarked by any other of those memorable events for which it is so justly esteemed.

The eventful first day of August 1834, a period looked for in all the British West India colonies with the excited feelings of hope and fear—hope, by those in bondage for a relief from thralldom; fear, on the part of the owners, lest that liberty which was to become general would be the means of leading the newly emancipated, to acts unbecoming men and christians. The month preceding passed as its precursors without, as might have been anticipated, any preparations being made to celebrate so grand an era. The first of August came, a day on which this Island alone, near four thousand beings received their freedom from a domestic slavery which had been perpetual. The change was gradual, was peaceable; and none but those conscious of the work which the lapse of a few hours, nay moments, was effecting, and familiar with the habits of the people, could fancy such an event was taking place. The day was as remarkable for quietude, exemption from labor, and solemnity as that which marks the Sabbath in every christian land. The only bustle perceptible was in the preparation for attending public worship, which his excellency the governor most wisely ordered to be performed—thereby dedicating it wholly to God, the willer and doer of this great work. The churches and other places of public worship throughout the Island were crowded to excess—every possible accommodation being afforded to the colored people. From every quarter we hear of their orderly, nay more, their exemplary behavior; for those assembled in the Parish Church of Pembroke—upwards we think of four hundred; we say with much satisfaction that in the many churches, and chapels, and other places of worship, of various denominations of christians which we have visited, we have never seen a more orderly, a more becoming, or a more attentive congregation. The solemn occasion on which they were assembled, had evidently wrought much on their minds; and the affectionate, good and wholesome advice of their pastor will, it is hoped, have a proper and lasting effect.

Four days of Universal freedom have now passed; and four days of more perfect order, regularity and quiet have these famed peaceful Isles never witnessed; the opinion which this change would cause in the slaves of this Island, long since expressed when even the anti-slavery society was in its infancy, by a person then and now high in office in this colony, has been to the letter realized. In one instance only have we heard of any thing like a general and public ebullition of feeling, and this consisted in those recently liberated in St. George, meeting on the square in that town, on Saturday morning, and giving three long and loud huzzas, and then dispersing, each to his respective home and occupation.

It must have been a glad some, a heartfelt sight to all slave owners, to witness the devout and reverential mien of their late dependants, in the house of God—and their steady and orderly conduct since; to feel that the instruction which they had diligently extended to them had so well fitted them to receive the great boon of freedom which circumstances have enabled them to grant at so early a period.

Thus has commenced this wonderful change, and it is expected from a people who have shown discretion on the occasion, that a similar line of conduct will be pursued by them—as a reward to their masters who have given up a part of the compensation, by extending to them all the benefits which they could possibly confer under the Imperial Act, as well as an example to the West India colonies.

CHOICE EXTRACTS.

DAILY RETIREMENT.—The wisdom of all ages has recommended occasional retirement from the world for the purpose of moral and intellectual improvement. "There has been no man," says a great author, "eminent for extent of capacity or greatness of exploits, that has not left behind him some memorials of lonely wisdom and silent benignity." It is in solitude that the statesman forms his plans, and the warrior prepares his conquests, and the scholar amasses his store of intellectual wealth, and the man of science tries his experiments, and the moral philosopher watches the processes of his own thoughts, and endeavors to analyze and develop the laws which regulate the economy of the human mind. But retirement is peculiarly important for religious purposes, and for the culture of the graces and virtues of the Christian life. No eminence of religious character and excellence can be acquired apart from a studious regard to the moral state of the mind; and however powerful may be the motives of the pursuit of holiness, it is certain that we can only be influenced by them, in the degree in which they are made the subject of consecutive thought, and of voluntary attention. They who know any thing of the absorbing nature of the business and commerce of the world, know that the heart needs a continual reward of holy affections, and that what may be deemed the daily waste and expenditure of religious impression, must be perpetually repaired, by frequent converse with God.

"And wisdom's self
Of seeks to sweet retired solitude,
Where with her best nurse, contemplation,
She plumes her feathers and lets grow her wings,
That in the various bustle of resort
Where all too ruffled, and sometimes impair'd."
[Detroit Courier.]

PHYSICAL CULTURE.—Dr. John Jeffreys, of Boston, has written an excellent article on the moral obligation of physical culture, which is published in the last number of Mr. Edwards' American Quarterly Observer. The reasons which show this religious duty are first presented in a rational and scriptural manner; and then the general principles on which this culture is founded. The article is concluded with the aphorisms which here follow:

Let the day begin with God—that the peaceful influence of communion with him, may calm the hurried and tumultuous action of the body, and the performance of its daily avocations. Let the early fast be broken by no more food than will defend the body from severe exhaustion, in the labor or pursuit which is to follow. Let the exercise or labor which is performed be in faithful accordance with the injunction, that the food should be earned by the sweat of the brow. Let the principal food taken, be at a time when it can repair the parts and powers which have been consumed by previous exertion of the body, or of mind, rather than in anticipation of such decay or waste. So that the body shall not suffer from the increased effort of severe digestion, which is pushed to labor; and the mind may not be cramped in its energies by a crowded system. Let the sleep be regularly taken, and religiously observed to such an extent as shall restore the nervous energy of the frame; but let not the bed rob God or man of the service of one hour which belongs to them. To this end, seek rather to ascertain by experience how little will fully suffice the requirements of the system, than how much it can safely bear. Let the clothing be designed to cover, rather than to adorn the person; and let it be only so much in quantity, as will defend the body from inclemency, and not to such extent as will enfeeble its powers; seek rather to inure the body to climate, than to defend it entirely from the influence of cold or heat. Let the person be kept sacredly clean, lest the body be infected from the want of ablution, or the mind become defiled by the consciousness of an impure temple; for

"Even from the body's purity, the mind
Receives a secret sympathetic aid."

Let a holy chastity mark the conduct and conversation in every relation in life—lest the frame should become enervated from undue bodily or mental excitement.

THE PERSON AND HABITS OF MILTON.—So infatuated with rancor were the enemies of this illustrious man, that they delineated his form, as they represented his character, with the utmost extravagance of malevolent falsehood; he was not only compared to that monster of deformity, the eyeless Polyphemus, but described as a diminutive, bloodless and shriveled creature. Expressions of this kind, in which absurdity and malice are equally apparent, induced him to expose the virulence of his revilers, by a brief description of his own figure. He represented himself as a man of moderate stature, but not particularly slender, and so far endowed with strength and spirit, that he always wore a sword, which he wanted not, in his healthy season of life, either skill or courage to use; having practised fencing with great assiduity, he considered himself as a match for any antagonist, however superior to him in muscular force; his countenance, he says, was so far from being bloodless, that when turned of forty, he was generally allowed to have the appearance of being ten years younger; even his eyes, he adds, though utterly deprived of sight, did not betray their imper-

fection, but on the contrary, appeared as speckless and as lucid as if his powers of vision had been peculiarly acute. "In this article alone," says Milton, "and much against my will, I am a hypocrite."

Such is the interesting portrait which this great writer has left of himself. Those who have had the happiness of knowing him personally, speak in the highest terms even of his personal endowments; and seemed to have regarded him as a model of manly grace and dignity of figure and deportment. "His harmonical and ingenious soul," says Aubrey, "dwelt in a beautiful and well proportioned body."

"In toto nusquam corpore menda fuit."

His hair was a light brown, his eyes dark gray, and his complexion so fair at college, according to his own expression, he was styled, "The Lady," an appellation which he could not relish; but he consoled himself under absurd railery on the delicacy of his person, by recollecting that similar railery had been lavished on those manly and eminent characters of the ancient world Demosthenes and Hortensius. His general appearance approached not in any degree to effeminacy. "His deportment," says Anthony Wood, "was affable, and his gait erect and manly, bespeaking courage and undauntedness." Richardson, who labored with affectionate enthusiasm to acquire and communicate all possible information concerning the person and manners of Milton, has left the two following sketches of his figure at an advanced period of life:—

"An ancient clergyman of Dorsetshire (Dr. Wright) found John Milton in a small chamber hung with rusty green, and sitting in an elbow chair, and dressed neatly in black, pale but not cadaverous. He used also to sit in a greasy, coarse cloth coat, at the door of his house near Bunhill fields, in warm sunny weather, to enjoy the fresh air, and so, as well as in his room, received the visits of the people of distinguished parts, as well as quality."

It is probable that Milton, in his youth, was in some measure indebted to the engaging graces of his person for that early introduction into the politest society, both in England and abroad, which improved the natural sweetness of his character, (so visible in all his genuine portraits,) and led him to unite with profound erudition, and with the sublimest talents, an endearing and cheerful delicacy of manners, very rarely attained by men whose application to study is continual and intense. [Haley's Biography.]

TIME.—Old! call you me? Ay! when the Almighty spoke creation into birth, I was there. Then was I born, mid the bloom and verdure of Paradise. I gazed upon the young world, radiant with celestial smiles. I rose upon the pinions the first morn, and caught the sweet dew drops as they fell and sparkled on the bowers of the garden. Ere the foot of man was heard sounding in this wilderness, I gazed out upon its thousand rivers, flashing in light, and reflecting the broad sun, like a thousand jewels upon their bosoms. The cataracts sent up their anthems in these solitudes, and none was here to listen to the new born melody but I! The fawns bounded over the new born hills, and drank at the limpid streams, ages before an arm was raised to injure or make them afraid. For thousands of years the morning star rose in beauty upon these unpeopled shores, and its twin sister of the eve flamed in the forehead of the sky, with no eye to admire their rays but mine. Ay! call me old? Babylon and Assyria, Palmyra and Thebes, rose, flourished and fell, and I beheld them in their glory and their decline.—Scarce a melancholy ruin marks the place of their existence but when their first stones were laid in the earth I was there! Mid all the glory, splendor and wickedness, I was in their busy streets, and crumbling their magnificent piles and their gorgeous palaces to the earth. My books will show a long and fearful account against them. I control the fate of empires, I give their period of glory and splendor; but, in their birth I conceal in them the seeds of decay, they must go down, be humbled in the dust—their proud heads be bowed down before the rising glories, young nations to whose prosperity there will also come a date and a day of decline. I poise my wing over the earth, and watch the course and doings of its inhabitants. I call up the violets upon the hills, and crumble the grey ruins to the ground. I am the agent of a higher power, to give life and to take it away. I spread silken tresses upon the brow of the young, and plant grey hairs on the head of the aged man. Dimples and smiles, at my bidding, lurk around the lips of the innocent child, and I furrow the brow of the aged with wrinkles. Old, call ye me? ay, but when will my days be numbered? When will time end and eternity begin? When will the earth and its waters—the universe be rolled up, and the new world commence its revolutions? Not till He, who first bid me begin my flight, so orders it. When His purposes, who called me into being, are accomplished, then, and not till then, and no one can proclaim the hour, I shall go to the place of all living.

[Morning Star.]

A MOTHER'S LOVE.—Deep is the foundation of a mother's love. Its purity is like the purity of the "sweet south that breathes upon a bank of violets." The tear drop speaks its tenderness. There is a language in a mother's smile but it betrays not all her nature. I have sometimes thought, while gazing on her countenance—its dignity slightly chan-

ged by the elegant accents of her young child, as it repeated in obedience, some endearing word—that the sanctuary of a mother's heart is fraught with untold virtues. So fondly—so devotedly she listens to his accents, it would seem she catches from them a spirit that strengthens the bonds of her affection. I have seen the mother in almost every condition of life. But her love seems every where the same. I have heard her bid, from her bed of straw, her darling child come and receive the impress of her lips, and her feeble strains mingled in the air, I have thought there were loveliness in them not unlike the loveliness of an angel's melody. And I have seen the mother at her fire-side deal out the last morsel to her little ones so pleasantly, that her own cravings seemed appeased by the pleasure she enjoyed. But who that is not a mother can feel as she feels? We may gaze upon her as she sings the lullaby to her infant, and in her eye read the index of her heart's affections—we may study the demure cast of her countenance, and mark the tenderness with which she presses her darling to her bosom, but we cannot feel the many influences that operate upon her nature. Did you ever mark the care with which she watches the cradle where sleeps the infant? How quick she catches the low sound of approaching footsteps! With what fearful earnestness she gazes at her little charge as the sound intrudes! Does it move? Does its slumber break? How sweet the voice that quiets it! Surely, it seems that the blood of but one heart sustains the existence of both mother and child. And did you ever behold the mother as she watched the receding light of her young babe's existence? It is a scene for the pencil. Words cannot portray the tenderness that lingers upon the countenance. When the last spark has gone out, what emotions agitate her! When hope has expired, what unspeakable grief overwhelms her!

I remember to have seen a sweet boy borne to his mother with an eye closed forever. He had strayed silently away at noon-day, and ere nightfall death had clasped him in its embrace. The lifeless tenement of that dear boy, as it burst upon his mother's vision, seemed to convey an arrow to her heart. When the first paroxysms of grief had subsided, she laid her ear to his lips, as if unwilling to credit the tale his countenance bore. She put her hand upon his breast, but she felt no beating there. She placed the ends of her soft fingers upon his brow but it was cold. She uttered aloud his name—she listened, but the echoing of that name elicited no responsive voice. "Then came the misgivings that her child was dead." She imprinted many a kiss upon his cheek, and her tears mingled with the cold moisture upon his brow. Her actions betrayed a fear that she could not do justice to her feelings, that she could not express half the anguish of her bosom. The silence that followed that scene was the silence of the sepulchre. It seemed of too holy a nature to disturb. There was a charm in it—it was a charm hallowed by the unrestrained gushes of a mother's love.

Did you ever awake, while on a bed of sickness, and find a mother's hand pressed closely upon your forehead? It is pleasant thus to break from a dream even when affliction is on you. You are assured that you have at least one friend; and that that friend is a true one. You are assured that if you never go again into the world, you will die lamented; and when pain and distress are on you, such an assurance is consoling. At such a time, you can read more fully a mother's feelings than her tongue can express them. The anxiety with which she gazes upon you—the tenderness with which she sympathizes with you—the willingness with which she supplies your wants—all serve to represent the secret workings of her heart. But a mother's love is unceasing. Her children as they advance in years, go out one by one into the world, and are soon scattered in the direction of the four winds of heaven. But though rivers may separate them from her, they separate not the bonds of her affection. Time and distance rather increase her anxieties. She knows not the strength of her own attachments until she becomes separated from her offspring. Until she bids a child farewell, her nature remains untried. But at the dread moment of separation, she feels the influence of her love—she feels the full weight of many treasures of affection, she has unconsciously imbibed.

Who can look coldly upon a mother! Who, after the unspeakable tenderness and care with which she has fostered him through infancy—guided him through childhood, and liberated with him through the perplexities of opening manhood, can speak irreverently of a mother? Her claims to his affections are founded in nature, and cold must be the heart that can deny them. Over the grave of a friend—of a brother or a sister, I would plant the primrose, for it is emblematical of youth; but over that of a mother, I would let the green grass shoot up unmolested; for there is something in the simple covering which nature spreads upon the grave, that well becomes the abiding place of decaying age.

NATURAL HISTORY.—The Museum of Natural History at the Garden of Plants was enriched during the last year with 480 new specimens of mammifera and birds, 1150 of reptiles and fishes, 25,000 insects and crustacea, and 5,000 mollusca and zoophytes. The botanical collection received additions of 50,000 plants.

THE "FAR WEST."—The following letter from the correspondent of the N. Y. Commercial, will be read with deep interest by all our subscribers. Its descriptions are graphic, forcible and appropriate:—

Mouth of False Washitta, Red River, 14th July, 1834.]

Under the protection of the United States' Dragoons, I arrived at this place three days since, on my way again in search of the "Far West." How far I may *this time* follow the flying phantom, is uncertain. I am already again in the land of the Buffalo and the fleet bounding Antelope.

We shall start from hence in a few days, and other epistles I may occasionally drop you from *terra incognita*, for such is the great expanse of country which we expect to range over; and the names we are to give, and country to explore, as far as we proceed. We are, at this place, on the bank of the Red River, having Mexico under our eye on the opposite bank. Our encampment is on the point of land between the Red and False Washitta Rivers at their junction, and the country about us is a Panorama too beautiful to be painted with a pen: it is, like most of the country about as, composed of prairie and timber, alternating in the most delightful shapes and proportions that the eye of a connoisseur could desire. The verdure is every where of the deepest green, and the plains about us are literally speckled with Buffalo. We are distant from fort Gibson about 200 miles, which distance we accomplished in ten days.

A great part of the way the country is prairie, gracefully undulating, well watered, and continually beautified by copses and patches of timber. On our way my attention was rivetted to the tops of some of the prairie bluffs, whose summits I approached with inexpressible delight. I rode to the top of one of these noble mounds in company with my friend Lieut. Weelock, where we agreed that our horses instinctively looked and admired. They thought not of the rich herbage that was under their feet, but, with a deep and drawn sigh, their necks were loftily curved, and their eyes widely stretched over the landscape that was beneath us. From this elevated spot the horizon was bounded all around us by mountain streaks of blue, softening into azure as they vanished, and the pictured vales that intermediate lay, were deepening into green as the eye was returning from its roamings. Beneath us, and winding through the waving landscape, was seen with peculiar effect, the "bold Dragoons," marching in beautiful order, forming a train of a mile in length. Baggage wagons and Indians (engages) helped to lengthen the procession. From the point where we stood the line was seen in miniature, and the undulating hills over which it was bending its way gave it the appearance of a huge snake gracefully gliding over a rich carpet of green.

This picturesque country of two hundred miles, over which we have passed, belongs to the Creeks and Choctaws, and affords one of the richest and most desirable countries in the world for agricultural pursuits.

On the eighth day of our march we met for the first time a herd of Buffalo, and being in advance of the command, in company with Gen. Leavenworth, colonel Dodge, and several other officers, we all had an opportunity of testing the mettle of our horses and our own tact at the wild and spirited death. The inspiration of chase took at once and alike with the old and the young; a beautiful plain lay before us, and we all gave spur for the onset. Gen. Leavenworth and Col. Dodge with their pistols, gallantly and handsomely belabored a fat cow, and were in together at the death. I was not quite so fortunate in my selection, for the one which I saw fit to gallant over the plain alone, of the same sex, younger and coy, led me to a hard chase, and for a long time disputed my near approach, when at length the full speed of my horse forced us to close company, and she desperately assaulted his shoulders with her horns. My gun was aimed, but missing its fire, the muzzle entangled in her mane and was instantly broke in two in my hands. My pistols were then brought to bear upon her, and though severely wounded she succeeded in reaching the thicket, and left me without "a deed of chivalry to boast." Since that day the Indian hunters in our charge have supplied us abundantly with Buffalo meat, and report says that the country a-head of us will afford us continual sport and an abundant supply.

We are halting here for a few days to recruit horses and men, after which the line of march will be resumed, and if the Pawnees are as near to us as we have strong reason to believe, from their recent trails and fires, it is probable that within a few days we shall thrash them or get thrashed, unless, through their sagacity and fear, they elude our search by flying before us to their hiding places.

The prevailing policy amongst the officers seems to be, that of flogging them first, and then establishing a treaty of peace. If this plan were morally right, I do not think it practicable; for, as enemies, I do not think they will stand to meet us; but, as friends, I think we may bring them to talk, if the proper means are adopted. We are here encamped on the ground on which Judge Martin and servants were butchered, and his son kidnapped by them but a few weeks since; and the moment they discover us in a large body, they will presume that we are relentlessly seeking for revenge, and they will probably be very shy of our approach. We are over the Washitta—the "Rubicon is passed." We are invaders of a sacred soil. We are carrying war in our front—and "we shall soon see, what we shall see."

Great praise is due to Gen. Leavenworth for his early and unremitting efforts to facilitate the movements of the regiment of Dragoons, by opening roads from Gibson and Towson to this place. We found encamped at this place two companies of Infantry from fort Towson, who will follow in the rear of the Dragoons as far as necessary, transporting, with wagons, stores and supplies, and ready, at the same time, to co-operate with the Dragoons in case of necessity. General Leavenworth will advance with us from this post, but how far he may proceed is uncertain. We know not the exact route which we shall take, for circumstances alone must decide that point. We shall probably reach cantonment Leavenworth in the fall, and one thing is certain (in the opinion of one who has already seen something of Indian life and country), we shall meet with many

severe privations and reach that place a jaded set of fellows, and as ragged as Jack Falstaff's famous band.

You are no doubt inquiring, who are the Pawnees, Camanches, and Arapahoes, and why not tell us all about them? Their history, numbers and limits are still in obscurity; nothing definite is yet known of them, but I hope I shall soon be able to give the world a clue to them.

If my life and health are preserved, I anticipate many a pleasing scene for my pencil, as well as incidents worthy of reciting to you and the world, which I shall occasionally do as opportunity may occur.

Adieu, yours, &c.

GEO. CATLIN.

ADVANTAGE OF COMBINING MENTAL WITH MUSCULAR EXERCISE.—Facts illustrative of the influence of mental, co-operating with, and aiding muscular activity, must be familiar to every one; but as the principle on which they depend is not sufficiently attended to, I shall add a few additional remarks.

Every body knows how wearisome and disagreeable it is to saunter along, without having one object to attain; and how listless and unprofitable a walk, taken against the inclination, and merely for exercise, is, compared to the same exertion made in pursuit of an object on which we are intent. The difference is simply that, in the former case, the muscles are obliged to work without that full nervous impulse which nature has decreed to be essential to their healthy and energetic action; and that, in the latter, the nervous impulse is in full and harmonious operation. The great superiority of active sports, as a means of exercise, over mere measured movements, is referable to the same principle. Every kind of youthful play interests and excites the mind, as well as occupies the body; and by thus placing the muscles in the best position for wholesome and beneficial exertion, enables them to act without fatigue, for a length of time which, if occupied in mere walking for exercise, would utterly exhaust their powers.

The elastic spring, bright eye, and cheerful glow of beings thus excited, form a perfect contrast to the spiritless and inanimate aspect of our boarding-school processions; and the result in point of health and activity are not less different. So powerful, indeed, is the nervous stimulus, that examples have occurred of strong mental emotions having instantaneously given life and vigor to paralytic limbs. This has happened in cases of shipwrecks, fires, and sea fights, and shows how indispensable it is to have the mind engaged and interested along with the muscles. Many a person who feels ready to drop from fatigue, after a mere mechanical walk, would have no difficulty in subsequently undergoing much continuous exertion in active play or dancing; and it is absurd, therefore, to say that exercise is not beneficial, when in reality proper exercise has not been tried.

The amount of bodily exertion of which soldiers are capable, is well known to be prodigiously increased by the mental stimulus of pursuit, of fighting, or of victory. In the retreat of the French from Moscow, for example, when no enemy was near, the soldiers became depressed in courage and enfeebled in body, and nearly sank to the earth through exhaustion and cold; but no sooner did the report of the Russian guns sound in their ears, or the gleam of their bayonets flash in their eyes, than new life seemed to pervade them, and they wielded powerfully the arms which, a few moments before, they could scarcely drag along the ground. No sooner, however, was the enemy repulsed, and the nervous stimulus which animated their muscles withdrawn, than their feebleness returned. Dr. Sparrman, in like manner, after describing the fatigue and exhaustion which he and his party endured in their travels at the Cape, adds—"yet, what even now appears to me a matter of wonder is, that as soon as we got a glimpse of the game, all this languor left us in an instant." On the principle already mentioned, this result is perfectly natural, and in strict harmony with what we observe in sportsmen, cricketers, golfers, skaters, and others, who, moved by a mental aim, are able to undergo a much greater amount of bodily labor than men of stronger muscular frames, actuated by no excitement of mind, or vigorous nervous impulse. We have heard an intelligent engineer remark the astonishment often felt by country people, at finding him and his town companions, although more slightly made, withstanding the fatigues and exposure of a day's surveying better than themselves; but, said he, they overlooked the fact, that our employment gives to the mind as well as to the body, a stimulus which they were entirely without, as their only object was to afford us bodily aid, when required in dragging the chains or carrying our instruments. The conversation of a friend is, in the same way, a powerful alleviator to the fatigue of walking.

The same important principle was implied in the advice which the Spectator tells us was given by a physician to one of the eastern kings, when he brought him a racket, and told him that the remedy was concealed in the handle, and could not act upon him only by passing into the palms of his hands when engaged in playing with it, and that as soon as perspiration was induced, he might desist for the time, as that would be a proof of the medicine being received into the general system. The effect, we are told, was marvellous; and, looking to the principle just stated, to the cheerful nervous stimulus arising from the confident expectation of a cure, and to the consequent advantages of exercise thus judiciously managed, we have no reason to doubt that the fable is in perfect accordance with nature.

The story of an Englishman who conceived himself so ill as to be unable to stir, but who was prevailed upon by his medical advisers to go down from London to consult an eminent physician at Inverness, who did not exist, may serve as another illustration. The stimulus of expecting the means of cure from the northern luminary was sufficient to enable the patient not only to bear, but to reap benefit from the exertion of making the journey down; and his wrath at finding no such person at Inverness, and perceiving that it was all a trick, sustained him in returning, so that on his arrival at home he was nearly cured. Hence also the superiority of battledore and shuttlecock, and similar games, which require society and some mental stimulus, over mere listless exercise. It is, in fact, a positive misnomer to call a solemn procession exercise. Nature will not be cheated;

and the healthful results of complete cheerful exertion will never be obtained where the nervous impulse which animates the muscles is denied.

It must not, however, be supposed that a walk simply for the sake of exercise can never be beneficial. If a person be thoroughly satisfied that exercise is requisite, and perfectly willing, or rather desirous, to obey the call which demands it, he is from that very circumstance in a fit state for deriving benefit from it, because the desire then becomes a sufficient nervous impulse, and one in perfect harmony with the muscular action. It is only where a person goes to walk, either from a sense of duty or at the command of another, but against his own inclination, that exercise is comparatively useless.

The advantages of this combining harmonious mental excitement with muscular activity have not escaped the sagacity of the late Dr Armstrong, who thus notices them in his frequently reprinted poem on the Art of Preserving Health, but without giving the physiological explanation:

*In what'er you seek
Indulge your taste. Some love the manly toils,
The tennis some, and some the graceful dance;
Others, more hardy, range the purple heath,
Or naked stubble, where from field to field
The sounding covies urge their lab'ring flight,
Eager amid the rising cloud to pour
The sun's usurping thunder; and there are
Whom still the mood of the green archer charms.
He chooses best whose labor entertains
His vacant fancy most; the toil you hate,
Fulgures you soon, and scarce improves your limbs.*

Book III.

This constitution of nature, whereby a mental impulse is required to excite and direct muscular action, points to the propriety of teaching the young to observe and examine the qualities and arrangements of external objects. The most pleasing and healthful exercise may be thus secured, and every step be made to add to useful knowledge and to individual enjoyment. The botanist, the geologist, and the natural historian, experience pleasures in their walks and rambles, of which, from disuse of their eyes and observing powers, the multitude is deprived. This truth is acted upon by many teachers in Germany. In our own country, too, it is beginning to be felt, and one of the professed objects of infant education is to correct the omission. It must not, however, be supposed that any kind of mental activity will give the necessary stimulus to muscular action, and that, in walking, it will do equally well to read a book or carry on a train of abstract thinking, as to seek the necessary nervous stimulus in picking up plants, hammering rocks, or engaging in games. This were a great mistake; for in such cases the nervous impulse is opposed, rather than favorable to muscular action. Wherever the mind is absorbed in reading or in abstract speculation, the active will to set the muscles in motion must necessarily be proportionally weakened, and the action of the muscles be reduced to that inanimate kind I have already condemned as almost useless. For true and beneficial exercise, there must be *harmony of action between the moving power and the part to be moved. The will and the muscle must both be directed to the same end, and at the same time*, otherwise the effect will be imperfect. The force exerted by strong muscles, animated by strong nervous impulse or will, is prodigiously greater than when the impulse is weak; and as man was not made to do two things at once, but to direct his whole powers to the one thing he is performing at the time, he has ever excelled most when he followed this law of his nature.

When a physician urges the necessity of exercise, it is very usual for him to be told by persons of an indolent or sedentary habit, that even a short walk fatigues them so much as to render them unfit for every thing for some days after, and that they are never so well as when allowed to remain in the house. But if, in perfect reliance on the regularity of the Creator's laws, we seek out the cause of this apparent exception, we shall almost uniformly find that instead of beginning with a degree of exertion proportioned to the weakened state of the system, such persons have (under the notion that it was not worth while to go out for a short time) forced their muscles, already weakened by inactivity and confinement, to perform a walk to which only regularly exercised muscles were adequate. The amount of exertion which is always followed by exhaustion is thus, through mere impatience and ignorance, substituted for that lesser degree which always gives strength; and because the former is followed by headache and debility, it is argued that the latter also must be prejudicial! Many sensible people delude themselves by such puerile plausibilities as this; and it is only by the diffusion of a knowledge of the laws of exercise as part of a useful education that individuals can be enabled to avoid such mistakes. (Combe on Physiology.)

EMPIRE OF MIND.—Man is the noblest work in the universe of God. His excellence does not consist in the beautiful symmetry of his form, or in the exquisite structure of his complicated physical machinery. Other objects in the material creation are possessed of the highest excellencies of beauty and grandeur. The magnificent fires of heaven as they range in perfect order through the fields of ether—the dazzling sun, which oft has made man, in humbled pride forgot his high dignity, and bow to him in servile homage, will ever continue to be the object of wonder and admiration till the great general wreck when they shall fly from their journeying places, and rush, lawless, through the wilds of heaven. But of all the works of God, man alone has

*The great soul
Like the imprisoned eagle, pent within,
That struggling, finds its way to fly*

and soar in its own element.

The dwelling is worthless but for its inhabitant. It is the mind of man that imparts to him his high dignity—that shows his nearest affinity to the Maker of the universe. It is no part of my present purpose to enter into a metaphysical disquisition on the mind of its faculties. Would you learn its power? See its effects in the shattered walls of its own dwelling. Mark the cloistered devotee of science. What means that emaciated form—the faltering step—the fevered pulse—the fitful flashings that dart widely through the vista of the soul? It is but the struggling of the mind within.

Learn, also, its power from the effects produced upon itself by its own mighty movements. It is true the shallow current of intellect is easily diverted from its course and made to flow in the turbid channel of idiosyncrasy, but the lofty mind is like the ocean torrent that dashes away its own banks and rushes onward by its own impetus, beyond the power of restraint. How often has the mental engine, by its own mighty revolutions, hurled from their place fragment after fragment of its own noble machinery till the whole is left a splendid wreck of former grandeur. Reason is hurled from her throne—discrimination and judgement obscured—Memory throws back feebly her flickering rays upon the darkness of the past—Imagination, like the blazing meteor, rushes widely beyond the limits of the intellectual horizon, and the fine fabric of the soul is shattered in all its faculties. But give to the mind that complete balance of all its energies which a rigid course of discipline is calculated to impart, and who can tell its power, and adaptation to universal empire? View for a moment some of its splendid achievements. Behold for once the pall of impenetrable darkness settling down upon the intellectual world. The faint light that girdles the horizon, becomes less and less, till the last sickly ray expires in universal gloom. Age after age rolls away without one flickering star to fling its feeble light down upon the dark, rayless night, that hovers over the subjugated empire of mind. Every faculty of the soul is bound in chains of adamant. But lo! a bright star arises and penetrates the gloom, and pierces even the dark walls of the imprisoned mind. Her chains are burst asunder—the thick mountains of darkness are rolled backward—and her palace is reared to the skies.

What have been the conquests of mind in the field of general science? What scholastic intrenchment is there which she has not carried—what moss-grown battlement on which she has not planted her standard? What height is there which she has not surveyed—what depth that she not explored? What towering mountain, or heavenly parallax has she not measured, what earth-bid mineral has eluded her search, what stubborn resistances in the great field of experiment has she not overcome, and, indeed, what is the circle of creation which has been found sufficient to resist her powerful energies?

But, shall not these splendid conquests be subverted? Egypt, that once shot over the world brilliant rays of genius, is sunk in darkness. The dust of ages sleeps on the bosom of Roman warriors, poets and orators. The glory of Greece is departed, and leaves no Demosthenes to thunder with his eloquence, or Homer to soar and sing. And shall not the remaining literature of the east, that has shone like splendid watchfires to the rest of the world, burn out and expire in gloom? Shall not the tide of ignorance roll across the bosom of the ocean, and undermine our own noble institutions, already become the pride and glory of the world, till they shall crumble and fall to dust? Shall not the bright Sun of science that has careered its course upward to the heights of heaven, stagger, and fall forever backward behind the cloud-skirted horizon, and leave the world to the reign of darkness and ignorance? Be it so! let the last ray of light expire—only leave one flickering star hanging like the eternal Gynocure in the American sky—its rays shall penetrate the gloom, roll back the clouds of darkness, and usher in a glorious day of universal intelligence, and the triumph of liberal principles.

Who can say what shall not be the conquests of mind in its resistless course, or to what point in the universe of God her empire shall not extend? Where we now behold floating stars and planets, she may yet find means to discover populous cities, verdant vales and mountains, now showing the silver whiteness of winter, now the flushing bloom of spring, and now the golden colors of autumn. With her accumulation of means, she may yet survey myriads of worlds now deeply sunk in the expanse of ether, with all the accuracy of perfect vision. The human mind is destined to soar onward and upward like the bird of Jove till it mingles in the sunbeams of unfading glory.

[Hartford Pearl.]

GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

HISTORY OF THE CAUSE OF THE RIOT.—The Charlestown Aurora of Saturday furnishes the following account of the late mobs at Charlestown. It is the most full and connected statement we have seen, and will no doubt be read with interest.

We stated in our last paper our determination to lay before the public, a full, complete, and accurate statement of the escape of the Nun, Mary Harrison, or Mary St. John Harrison, from the Ursuline Convent in this town, and of the excitement growing out of the affair. The facts, in the case, as we are informed are these: the young lady referred to belongs to New York, (where her father resides) and she has a brother in Boston, employed by Mr. Brown, engraver. She has been an inmate of the Convent in Boston, and after its removal to this town, for the space of thirteen years. It appears that on the afternoon of Monday 28th ult. the young lady, who had previously been indisposed and had been attended by Dr. Thompson, made her escape to the house of Mr. Edward Cutter, near the Convent. Soon after entering his house, she commenced running her fingers over the piano forte. She informed Mr. Cutter that she had escaped from the Convent; was unhappy in her situation, and wished to be carried to the house of Mr. Cotting, a baker, in West Cambridge, who had two daughters in the Institution. She was carried to West Cambridge, by Mr. John Runey, one of the selectmen, who resides near the Nunnery, accompanied by his wife and the daughter of Mr. Cutter. We do not understand that she complained of any bad treatment at the Convent, but only that she was unhappy.

It is stated that the Superior notified the Bishop of the escape of the Nun, being informed by Mr. Runey of the place of her refuge. This was at 9 o'clock; at 10 o'clock, the same evening, the Bishop visited the Nun at West Cambridge. The next morning, the Bishop and her brother repaired to West Cambridge, and to them, at this time, she expressed her willingness to return, first requiring the privilege of a room, free intercourse with her friends, not to take again the black veil, and at the expiration of three weeks, if she desired it, to have an honorable discharge. It is stated that she then returned to the convent, and was from that time contented, willing and desirous to stay.

The cause of her wishing to leave and of her escape, is said to be derangement of mind. She was weakened by disease and the operation of medicine; affected by recent misfortunes of her father; also being limited, like all the other inmates, to one room, while the in-

terior of the building was being painted; and under these complicated circumstances, it is said, that temporary alienation of mind ensued, and led to her determination to escape.

There are said to be facts which gave rise to various reports in the community, generally incorrect or very much exaggerated and colored. The general impression on the minds of the community, caused by these reports, and a very injudicious publication of the Mercantile Journal, (published and pronounced 'very materially incorrect' in our last,) was that the young lady had been badly treated; had been forced or overpersuaded to return; was restrained in her liberty and in danger of her life. It was further stated, as from her own mouth, that if she did not come out at the end of three weeks, her friends must investigate the cause and search for her. It was also reported that she was dead; that Messrs. Cutter, Runey and others, had been refused admission to the convent, and that another female had been substituted for her. These reports, as may be supposed, kept the community for the remainder of the week in a state of great excitement, more especially at Boston, the Cambridges, Medford, &c. where the facts were not known. On Friday evening, the exciting paragraph appeared in the Journal, and on Saturday morning in the other Boston papers. In the Transcript of the same evening the story was commented on, and a statement from the Bishop intimated or promised the following Monday. This statement, however, unfortunately did not appear on Monday morning, as expected.

We may as well state here that on Monday following the escape of the Nun, at the monthly meeting of the Board of Selectmen, a committee, consisting of Messrs. Runey and Poor, was appointed to inquire into the affair, take legal advice as to their powers in the matter, and call a meeting of the board, if deemed necessary. This committee required the advice of esquire Purts, and came to the conclusion that they had the authority to interfere, and therefore did not call the board together. But on Sunday last, one of this committee, Mr. Samuel Poor, at the request of Mr. Runey, visited the convent, went over and examined the whole building, and saw and conversed with the lady referred to. She assured him that she was perfectly contented, entirely unrestrained, and had no wish to leave the institution. Mr. Poor states that his prejudices against the convent were very strong, and that these prejudices were entirely removed by his intercourse with the Superior, and his examination of the establishment. He came away convinced that no improper measures had been taken with the nun, and that her escape must have been effected while in a deranged state of mind, as she declared that the whole affair seemed to her like a dream. Mr. Poor made an arrangement with the superior, by which the whole board of selectmen were to visit the establishment on Monday afternoon at three o'clock.

On Monday morning, the Bishop's statement did not appear, as expected. In the evening papers it was stated that he declined offering any to the public, preferring to leave it to Mr. Cutter, who might be considered more impartial and disinterested, as he understood Mr. C. was about to publish one. Mr. Cutter's statement, however, did not appear, although we understand that two of the selectmen personally desired its publication in the Post on Monday, but were told they were too late. The rest is known to the public.

*The following is the statement of the editor of the Post, of his reason for not inserting it:

"On Sunday evenings our paper is put to press much earlier than upon any other night in the week, as is the case with the other morning papers. When Mr. Cutter's communication was received, the form of the Post was entirely made up, and the compositor correcting the last proof—consequently, he was told that his letter, to which no material importance was attached at that time, could not appear in the Post until its next publication."

ROBBERY OF THE SHIP CONSTELLATION.—It will be remembered that captain Samson, of the above ship, had between 200 and 300 stolen from him about a week ago. The thieves were arrested in Philadelphia a few days since, and part of the money found upon them; and they then told where the remainder of the money was concealed between the ship's decks, and yesterday it was found by Benj. Hays.

[N. Y. Trans.]

COMPARATIVE LONGEVITY OF BLACKS AND WHITES.—It appears, by the last census, that, out of a population of 10,855,567 whites, there were, 160 years old and upwards, 531

329,300 free blacks, " 711

2,010,436 slaves, " 1579

From hence it appears, that the blacks are decidedly more tenacious of life than the whites; and that the free blacks live longer than slaves. Taking the blacks together, both bond and free, and ratio of those who reach a hundred years and upwards, is as *seventeen* to one of the whites who attain the same age; while the ratio of free blacks, who arrive at a hundred, is as *three* to one of the slaves that reach the same period of life.

[lb.]

FROM BERMUDA.—We have received, says the N. Y. Commercial, a file of the Royal Gazette to the 12th inst. On the 1st of August, the day on which the liberation of the slaves took place, divine service was held in the churches, and every thing was not only tranquil but solemn. Apprehensions however are entertained that the now freedmen will suffer for want of employment. The families had generally reduced the number of servants below the number of those they had held as slaves.

A CONQUEST INDEED!—A venerable friend of ours, of near four score years and ten, has just remarked to us that he has gained a signal victory over his appetite for tobacco, which he has almost constantly used, both by chewing and smoking, for seventy years. [Chaut. Whig.]

SNAKE STORY.—The wife and daughter of Mr. John Lamphear, in this neighborhood, witnessed, a few days since, a singular encounter between two large striped snakes. They were attracted to the scene of conflict by a strange noise, similar to the screechings of fowls when attacked by a hawk, which in reality proceeded from a large frog in the act of being swallowed by two snakes, each contending snakefully for the sole possession of the poor frog, which was drawn into the throat of each snake, about equally, from the hind leg as far as the neck; when either by accident or management, his upper jaw was thrown back over the eyes of one snake, and the nether jaw over the face of the other, so that they were completely blindfolded. In this situation, intent on engorging the frog, moaning piteously, they lash each other and the ground with their bodies, which sometimes becoming intertwined their full length, they raise them in the air perpendicularly, and bring them down again on either side, smiting the earth with a serpent's malice. Thus, unconscious of evidence to their strife, they are arrested by the usual household weapons of offence and defence, shovel and tongs, in the hands of Mrs. L. and daughter, with which they kill the snakes and give liberty to the frog. The ladies aver that one snake in his wrath, exchanged his stripes for spots; and instead of the common striped snake, he became in appearance, the spotted house adder.

[lb.]

DESECRATION OF THE SABBATH.—The celebration of the late triumph in Louisiana, by a public dinner on Sunday, was a deep disgrace upon our cause and our country. It is painful to reflect that there is so dark a spot in this bright land of civil and religious liberty. Better that political victories were never celebrated—better, indeed, that such victories were not won, than that the Sabbath should be thus profaned with banquets and revelry.

[Alb. Eve. Jour.]

Specie Imported into and Exported from the United States, from the 1st December, 1833, to August 12, 1834.

FROM RETURNS RECEIVED TO 1834.

| | Imported. | Exported. |
|----------|-----------------|-----------------|
| June 9, | \$8,642,339 25 | \$377,331 55 |
| June 30, | 2,165,700 97 | 275,219 |
| July 26, | 1,054,802 82 | 182,010 |
| Aug. 12, | 793,848 78 | 96,255 |
| | \$12,653,691 82 | \$950,915 85 |
| Imported | | \$12,653,691 82 |
| Exported | | 950,915 85 |

Imported excess \$11,702,775 97

This is inclusive of what is imported or brought in by passengers, &c., not entered on the manifests of vessels, and by land from Mexico and Canada. These are supposed to exceed two millions of dollars. [Globe.]

INDECENT HASTE.—One of the most disreputable acts, in a small way, that we have seen for some time is that of some of our horrible wonder-makers, who has got out a 'life and confession' of Felix Murray, with all the mournful particulars of his unfortunate execution. A sheer fabrication, of course, from beginning to end, as the poor man is not to be hung until November, if at all. This impudent trash was actually hawked about town yesterday, the day on which Murray was to have been hung, but from which he has been respited, as our readers were informed in our last. [Philad. Inquirer.]

PIRATES.—The crew of the piratical schooner Panda—supposed to be part of the gang of pirates who, two years ago, robbed the brig Mexican, of Salem, Mass., on her voyage to South America—were captured, early this year, on the coast of Africa, by the Curlew, an English vessel, and carried by her to England. By the late arrivals we observe it stated under the head of Portsmouth, England, July 5, that the crew of the Panda, are ordered to be conveyed to Salem, Mass., in the Savage, 10 guns, Lieut. Lonely, which vessel will afterwards proceed to Halifax. [N. Y. Cour.]

A PIRATE.—Capt. Marshall, of the brig Atlantic, arrived yesterday from Port au Blatt, was boarded off cape Nicholas Mole by a piratical Brigantine Baltimore built clipper, painted black, with a red streak. Her crew consisted of about fifty men, but one gun on a pivot was to be seen. She boarded the Atlantic two days in succession; first under American colors, and then under Spanish. The pirate abused Capt. Marshall, but the Atlantic having only mahogany on board, there was nothing he could take away. [lb.]

EUROPEAN SOVEREIGNS.—Never before was there such a rush of the Sovereigns of Europe towards our country as exists at this moment. We know one house who expect shortly to entertain a million of them; and full another million are about to put themselves under the protection of that great monied 'monster' the U. States Bank. If the Bank has heretofore exerted a dangerous political influence, what will it not do with a million of Sovereigns at its feet, and subject to its nod. [N. Y. Jour. of Com.]

BOTANIC MEETING.—At a meeting of the friends of the Botanic System of Medicine, at the house of Richard Kenyon, in Mayville, on the 18th ult., at which Josiah Parmeter, esq. was called to the chair, and Geo. W. Newcomb, esq. appointed secretary, several spirited resolutions were passed, expressive of the sense of the friends of that system—and the following gentlemen were appointed a committee to effect the several objects of the meeting:—Arkwright, Doct. Owen; Bush, Josiah Parmeter; Chautauque, Theodore Cook; Charlotte, Charles Green; Ellery, E. W. B. Knowlton; Ellicott, Judson Southwick; Gentry, Richard Cook; Hamory, Joseph B. Fenner; Fordland, Silas Pomeroy; Pomfret, Horace Clough; Sheridan, Jesse Baldwin; Stockton, Nathan Grovernor; Westfield, Abraham Hale. A central corresponding committee, consisting of Silas Pomeroy, Horace Clough, and Cephas Brainard, were appointed. [Chaut. Whig.]

SUMMARY.

The Poles, to whom the grant of land was made by Congress, have accepted the warm invitation given to them by a public meeting in Illinois, to make the selection from among the public lands in that state.

Some portable steam engines, three feet square, have been invented, which at an expense of a tender and one hundred weight of coals per day, will lift two tons and a half of brick and mortar daily to the height of a four story building. The whole apparatus can be carried on a cart.

Letters from the missionary Gutzlaff, who has excited so deep an interest in America, state that he returned to Canton the latter part of March from the Fokian province, where he had been successfully engaged in his philanthropic labors. He was about to proceed to Singapore, whence he intended to return again to his vast Parish, the Chinese empire.

Mr. Foster, gardener of Winchester, gathered a strawberry this week, of the New Chitt sort, measuring 10 inches in circumference. [Salisbury Herald.]

We learn, with pleasure, that the Washington (Episcopal) College, at Hartford, Connecticut, is in a very flourishing condition. The number of students admitted the present season, far exceeds that of any other commencement of the institution.

A black man, in attempting to escape the fury of the mob at Philadelphia, plunged into the river Schuylkill, with a child in his hand, and made for the opposite shore, but had scarcely got into the water, when he was seized with a cramp, when by a desperate effort, he returned towards the place of starting, and got the child safely into the hands of its mother, who was spectatress of the sight, when he sank to rise no more.

A New Catholic Diocese has recently been erected at the West, comprising the whole state of Indiana, and a part of Illinois, called the diocese of Vincennes. The Rev. Simon Gabriel Brute, Professor of Theology in the Seminary of Mount St. Mary's near Emmetsburg, Md. is appointed Bishop.

The wheat harvest in the states of Missouri and Illinois is represented to be abundant this year, beyond all former precedent.

The Boston Transcript says it is rumored that the cause of Mr. Everett's resignation is the probability that Mr. Quincy will resign the presidency of Harvard College, and that Mr. Everett will be appointed to that important office.

It is not true, as stated in an Irish paper, that Bishop England, of South Carolina, has been appointed a Cardinal. He was proceeding from Paris to Rome, to lay before the holy See the result of his mission to Hayti. [Charleston Observer.]

The reported death of Mr. Cleland, senior editor of the Detroit Courier, proves incorrect.

A cucumber, measuring eighteen inches in length, and thirteen inches in circumference, and weighing five and a half pounds, has been raised at Pottsville, Pa.

Two respectable colored women were drowned while on a pleasure excursion in the harbor of Portland, on the 16th inst. by the upsetting of the boat in a squall.

A distressing drought—and one very destructive to crops—has prevailed for several weeks in the neighborhood of Hillsborough, North Carolina.

Dr. Louis Marshall, of Woodford county, Kentucky, brother of chief Justice Marshall, has resigned the Presidency of Washington College, Lexington, Va.

Campbell, the poet, has recently published the memoirs of Mrs. Siddons, in the writing of which he was assisted by her own memoranda, bequeathed to him for that purpose. The work is said to have been executed with great judgment, feeling and ability, and promises to become the most popular book of the season.

An old lady, by the name of Cook, a resident of Tonawanda, Pa., was found, one day last week, burnt to a cinder, so that when an attempt was made to remove her, her limbs dropped asunder. She had been left alone in the house, and was in the habit of smoking, which is the only way to account for her death. When found she was reclining in a chair against a bed, which was nearly consumed, with her pipe firmly clenched between her teeth.

The municipal authorities of Boston have licensed the Tremont and Warren theatres for one year, provided that no ardent spirits are sold in said theatres or their appendages, during said term, and that in case of such sale, the license shall thereupon cease and be annulled.

An attempt was made on Sunday week by a journeyman "cordwainer," of Wilmington, Del., to cut the throat of one of his brethren of the same craft, merely because the latter would not become a member of a certain society.

One of the sons of Esculapius seems to have been favored with a presentiment of the success of his practice, and with all imaginable gravity of countenance he informs the public in his advertisement, "that he has removed from his old station to a place nearer the church yard, for the accommodation of his patients."

A Quarantine, as we learn by the Charleston Patriot of the 15th instant, was established on that day for all vessels, including steam packets, arriving from New York. This, we are to presume, is an Anti-Cholera precaution.

The Albany Argus states that the Hon. Louis Hasbrouck, of Ogdensburg, recently died at that place of apoplexy. He was Senator in the legislature from the Fourth District, and lately President of the bank in that village.

A convention of delegates of anti-slavery societies in Maine, is to be held the third Wednesday in October, at Augusta, for the purpose of forming a State Anti-Slavery Society.

A woolen and carding factory owned by Mr. Daniel Steevers in the city of Baltimore, was consumed by fire early on Sunday morning, together with a number of sheds and small buildings adjacent. They were all of wood, and the damage estimated at \$2500—no insurance. There is still strong evidence that it was the work of an incendiary.

The steam-boat Nimrod, in descending the Ohio on the evening of the 15th inst., struck on a pile of stones in the river about 50 miles below Portsmouth and broke her steam-pipe, in consequence of which eleven persons were scalded, of whom seven died, and four were likely to recover.

The Boston Daily Advertiser publishes the letter of Mr. Birney, at length, accompanied with some of the remarks of Prof. Wright, from the Emancipator.

A London paper of the 21st says:—"There is a report in the city, that the Cholera has broken out in Bermuda." This is a part of London adjoining the Thames, inhabited by persons connected with shipping, and is generally very dirty.

The President of the United States arrived at Nashville, Tenn. at 11 o'clock, A. M. on the 13th inst., pursuant to the invitation of the citizens, to partake of a public dinner. He was escorted by a committee of arrangements.

A workman named Patrick Hall, employed on a brewery, erecting in Baltimore, was killed on Thursday last, by the falling of a large block of granite. Three other workmen were seriously injured by the same accident.

The iron steam-boat 'John Randolph,' arrived at Augusta, from Savannah, on her first trip, on Wednesday, the 13th inst. having in tow two deeply laden freight boats. The distance was performed in seventy-two hours, much to the satisfaction of the citizens.

The tolls collected on the New-York State Canals, for the two weeks in August ending with the 14th inst., amounted to fifty-four thousand nine hundred and ninety-six dollars and forty-two cents. The tolls collected on all the canals, from the opening of the navigation to the 14th inst., amount to six hundred and thirty-seven thousand two hundred and fifteen dollars and eighteen cents.

Mr. Geo. Elliott of Baltimore, proposes to make an ascent from Richmond on the 12th September next.

A woman named Heller, was last week committed to jail in Fayetteville, N. C. for whipping her own child to death.

On Thursday last, a man named Barnet McCarty was arrested in Northumberland, Pa., charged with the robbery of the Port Carbon mail, which was stolen last November from the stage office in Pottsville.

In compliance with a memorial from the citizens of Harrisburgh, Pa., addressed to the Secretary of War, it appears that Dr. William Howard and two assistant engineers have been detailed from that department to make a survey of the Susquehanna river in order to ascertain the practicability and expediency of making it part of a grand navigable communication between the Chesapeake bay and the western lakes. The engineers have already commenced the survey.

A company has also been formed to introduce steam navigation on the Susquehanna between Wilkesbarre and Oswego.

Samuel Terry, an English convict, in New South Wales, is in possession of a clear income of sixty thousand pounds sterling. His several estates, containing upwards of 400,000 acres, and his property in the town of Sydney, bring him in 10,000 per annum. He has 17,000 head of horned cattle, and 100,000 sheep. All this property he has acquired since his emancipation. (N. Y. Cour. & Eccl.)

African Survey—Murder of Captain Skyring.—We have more than once noticed the survey of the coast of Africa, which has been carried on under the instructions of the Admiralty, and upon which the ship *Etna* and *Raven* have been employed. About four months since, on the return of Capt. Belcher in the *Etna* to England, he was superseded in the command of that vessel by Capt. Skyring, an able officer, of distinguished scientific acquirements, and great amiability of private character. It is now with extreme sorrow, that we have to record the melancholy death of that gentleman, who has been cruelly butchered by the natives, while peacefully carrying on his scientific operations. Having landed in the neighborhood of Cape Roxo on the morning of the 24th of last December, attended by a midshipman and half a dozen sailors, he proceeded to take observations; and the boat was somewhat incautiously hauled up on the beach, so that it could not readily be launched. Shortly after Capt. Skyring had established himself on some rising ground about half a mile distant from the shore, and was engaged in his work, he perceived a small body of natives assembling, who were armed with spears, and exhibited indications of hostility. Another small body, amounting in number to ten or twelve, contrived forcibly to seize a musket or two from the men left in charge of the boat: which Capt. S. observing, he immediately determined on concentrating his men and descending to the shore. Upon this movement a still more hostile disposition was manifested by the natives, whose force had in the meantime, been increased by others armed with spears, bow and arrows, and knives. By means of an interpreter, our countryman contrived to come to a pacific understanding with them, and, as it was noon, resumed his observations on the beach. While thus employed one of the natives broke through the circle of his men which he had formed around him and prescribed as the bounds beyond which the Africans were to keep, and (besides taking possession of the captain's glass) catching hold of a musket, shot one of the seamen, whose death was instantly avenged by captain Skyring's despatching the murderer with a pistol. This was the signal for a general attack; and the gallant commander was soon wounded by a spear. Leaning for support upon one of the sailors, he attempted to make his way to the boat through a shower of men and arrows, and was laid in it by his men; but the number and ferocity of the assailant compelled his defenders, whose ammunition was exhausted, to retreat. The natives now rushed forward; but instead of pursuing the fugitives, directed their rage towards the boat and its unfortunate occupant, the former of which they plundered of every thing, and the latter they destroyed by a multitude of wounds, literally cutting him to pieces with their knives.

The remnant of the boat's crew fled along the shore in hopes of obtaining assistance from a second party which they believed had landed from their ship, but had not proceeded far when they saw a second body of natives approaching them. They, however, succeeded in concealing themselves in the bush, where they remained hid for some hours. At length they ventured out, and providentially their signals of distress were seen by a boat belonging to the *Raven*, which, as the natives were coming down, with difficulty effected their rescue. Upon the melancholy intelligence being communicated to the *Etna*, all her available force was landed, and they had the satisfaction of bringing off the mutilated remains of their beloved and lamented commander. (London Lit. Gaz.)

LITERARY INQUIRER, And Repertory of Literature, Science & General Intelligence.

EDITED BY W. VERRINDER.

BUFFALO, WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 3, 1834.

ADVERTISING SHEET.—For the accommodation of Merchants, Publishers, and the community in general, the proprietor of the Literary Inquirer will hereafter regularly issue a QUARTERLY EXTRA, exclusively for Advertisements and other notices which are inadmissible in the paper itself. This Advertising Sheet will be furnished (gratis) to UPWARDS OF A THOUSAND SUBSCRIBERS, and will likewise be FORWARDED in the principal Hotels, Reading Rooms, Post-Offices, Steamboats, &c. in Western New York and other parts of the United States, and in the Province of Upper Canada (where we have between two and three hundred subscribers). Those who advertise by the quarter, six months, or year, in the Buffalo Tri-Weekly Inquirer will have their advertisements inserted (gratis) in every number of the Literary Inquirer Extra. All others will be charged at the rate of one Dollar per square of ten lines for each insertion.

* * Publishers of new Books and Literary or Scientific Periodicals, by sending copies of the same to the Editor, shall have their advertisements conspicuously inserted in the Literary Inquirer Extra, and their works occasionally noticed in the Buffalo Tri-Weekly and Literary Inquirer.

† The first number of the Advertising Sheet will be issued in October next. All advertisements intended for that number must be forwarded to the publisher by the 10th of the month.

PROSPECTUS OF THE

BUFFALO TRI-WEEKLY INQUIRER.

On the second day of October next, the subscriber proposes to issue from the office of the Literary Inquirer, the first number of a tri-weekly paper, under the above title, to be published every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday.

The "BUFFALO TRI-WEEKLY INQUIRER," in addition to a choice selection of literary, scientific and humorous articles, from the latest and most approved native and foreign periodicals, will contain a compendium of general intelligence, taken from the New-York and other Daily Papers, &c. &c.

Each number will consist of four large quarto pages (of the same size as the New-York Mirror and the Buffalo Literary Inquirer,) and will be furnished in single numbers at Three Cents apiece; or to City Subscribers who have it left at their doors, & Country Subscribers who have it sent by mail, at Three Dollars per annum, payable in advance; Three Dollars and Fifty Cents, for six months; or Four Dollars, at the end of the year. Six months: One dollar and Fifty Cents, payable in advance, or Two Dollars at the end of the term. Three months: One Dollar, payable invariably in advance.

The yearly numbers will form one handsome volume (to which a title page will be furnished gratis) of four equal quarterly parts, each of which will have a copious general index.

Approved Advertisements will be inserted at the usual rates; and those who advertise by the quarter, six months, or year, will be entitled to a paper without any additional charge.

Postmasters and others, procuring six responsible annual subscribers, shall receive for their trouble a copy of the paper for one year; and in the same proportion for all other subscribers they may obtain.

As two copies will be printed on one large sheet, two subscribers in the country may join and have it sent to one address, by which means the postage will be reduced one half. All letters must come free of postage, and be addressed to

W. VERRINDER, Proprietor,

177 Main Street, Buffalo.

* * Editors of Newspapers, in Western New-York and at the different Ports on the Lake, by giving the above a few insertions, will entitle themselves to a free exchange.

MOBS.—We last week gave a brief account of some very disgraceful scenes which have been recently enacted in the city of Philadelphia and at Charlestown. In relation to these ebullitions of popular fury, the N. Y. Daily Advertiser has the following judicious remarks:

Mobs appear to have become almost as contagious as the cholera. In addition to the recent outrages at Charlestown, Mass. must be added scenes of a similar character which have been exhibited during the present week at Philadelphia, where disturbances of the peace, and violations of the law of a most disgraceful description have occurred. In the latter instance it would seem that the rioters were guilty of excesses from mere wantonness—no cause having been given as far as we have seen, nor any object been stated which would account for the disturbances. The vengeance of the rabble appears to have been directed against the blacks, who were made to suffer severely from the effects of their fury. We trust these repeated instances of lawless violence, will have the effect to call forth the attention of the state governments, and the community at large, to the exigency of the times. Ways and means must be devised to put an end to mob law and mob government, or it will not be long before a general scene of outrage upon the public peace, upon the dwellings, the property, and the citizens, will be displayed throughout the country. It is a subject that cannot be trifled with. If mobs are not suppressed, they will destroy the peace of the country, hazard the lives of the inhabitants. Such a state of things, in prospect, may not make a deep impression upon the public mind, or greatly excite the public feelings. But the specimens of mob supremacy which have been recently experienced will not soon be forgotten by those who have been witnesses of them.

LITERARY NOTICES.

The last number of Little's Museum is a truly splendid one. It presents us with some very choice specimens of "foreign literature, science and art," and is withal got up in a style of great neatness and correct taste. The contents of this valuable work are generally of a more varied and interesting character than they could possibly be if the editor had not access to the entire class of British periodicals. Of the seventeen articles comprised in the last number, we were most pleased with the Life of Sir John Moore, Jacob Faithful, Romances from Real Life, and the Chapter on Flogging. We were truly delighted to find in the first article we have named, the following exclamation of Sir John Moore's, uttered at the Island of St. Lucia, of which he had been constituted governor after his capture. "Why!" he exclaims, "is a man treated harshly because he is not white? All men are entitled to justice; and from me they shall meet it, whether they be white or black, royalist or republican." Surely, with such a sentiment, "every honest and humane heart will thrill in accordance."

We have received the first number of a new volume of the Hartford Pearl and Literary Gazette, which is in future to be published weekly, at three dollars a year in advance. It is nearly filled with original articles of great merit and from some of our best writers, and embellished with a superb portrait of James Fenimore Cooper, esq., of whom it contains a brief but very interesting and spirited sketch. An extract from this number will be found in a preceding page. The Pearl is edited by Isaac C. Pray, Jun., and is devoted to original and selected tales, legends, songs, travelling, literary and historical sketches, biography, poetry, criticisms, &c. It is occasionally embellished with engravings and music. We cordially commend it to public patronage.

Often as we have noticed *Waldie's Select Circulating Library*, and much as we have said in commendation both of the plan and execution of the work, we cannot forbear again directing the attention of our readers to this excellent publication. The plan so successfully introduced by Mr. Waldie, of sifting the current literature of the day, and issuing the most popular and approved works entire in a periodical form, affords facilities for the dissemination of good literature, greater than any other in existence. The ninth and part of the tenth number of the "Library" contain what is appropriately designated "Magazines; or, Selections from an Editor's Portfolio." For these selections, which are exceedingly interesting, some fifty volumes have been sifted. We hope the contents of the editor's portfolio will be often replenished, and that he will furnish many other "Selections" as entertaining and instructive as the present. The Library is published in Philadelphia, in weekly numbers of 16 quarto pages, at only five dollars a year—which also includes the Journal of Belles Lettres, a weekly review of so ordinary merit. A. Vilgus is the agent for Buffalo.

BRITISH PRIME MINISTER.

In our last number we mentioned the breaking up of Earl Grey's ministry, and the formation of another by Lord Melbourne, in which several members of the old cabinet were included. The following brief sketch of the new Premier, which is taken from the last number of the Edinburgh Review, will be read by our Canadian subscribers with great interest. It is from the article on the Recent Proceedings of the Tories, and the State and Prospects of Parties:—"The loss of Earl Grey is most deeply to be deplored. But that Lord Melbourne has shown the greatest talent and firmness in the execution of a most difficult office in very critical times, every one knows. His natural abilities are of the first order, and his accomplishments are on the same scale—an impressive speaker, formed on the best and most classical models; a man of large and comprehensive views, matured by extensive reading; a functionary, whose habits of business, and capacity for despatching it, have no superior; in private life, one of the most amiable and universally beloved characters that ever appeared in society. No wonder that sanguine hopes are entertained for a Government formed under his auspices. Such a man may well despise the sneers of a few newspapers, possibly under the guidance of disappointed individuals, certainly influenced by some personal feelings, and which would represent Lord Althorp as unworthy of trust, and the Tories as a rule."

The Comet.—The Haley Comet, says a New York paper, is now visible in the east, near the constellation Taurus. At this time its distance from the earth is forty millions of miles. On the 13th September it will be only twenty-two millions of miles distant; and from this will become brilliant. In the latter part of September it will enter the Twins, and on the 1st of October will reach within six millions of miles of us, the fore feet of the Great Bears, where it no more sets. At this its brilliancy and apparent magnitude will have arrived at the highest degree. On the 6th of October it will stand nearest the earth—only three and a half millions of miles distant. In the beginning of the year 1835 it will emerge from the sun-beams, and again become visible, at the distance of forty millions of miles from us. It will for the second time approach the earth, and on the 1st of March, 1836, will stand twenty-five millions of miles distant. Thence it will recede from the earth, and seem to wander seventy-six years; and in the year 1912, will again visit our regions.

Of the low and puerile attempt at wit in the last Bulletin, we shall take no further notice than to deny, in the plainest and most unequivocal manner, the truth of the implied charge, that the editor of this journal holds what are termed "Amalgamation Doctrines." It is true, and we have pleasure and pride in avowing it, that the editor is a cordial supporter and member of the Buffalo City Anti-Slavery Society; but it is not true, as has been of late so industriously circulated and is implied in the Bulletin article above referred to, that either he or any of the officers of that society approve and recommend intermarriages between persons of different color. We regret that the editor of the Bulletin has suffered himself to be so misled by the sophistry and misrepresentations of others, as to have become an opponent of the only society whose direct and avowed aim is to procure the abolition of American Slavery, and of which we had good reason to expect he would have been a constant friend and supporter. "Why! is a man to be treated harshly, or to be kept in perpetual slavery, 'because he is not white'?"

Cholera.—We rejoice to learn, both from our exchanges and private letters, that the cholera is abating every where. From our own city it has almost entirely disappeared. The following communication from the Mayor is fraught with information of the most cheering nature.

Buffalo, Saturday, August 30, 1834.

The Mayor of this city has the satisfaction of announcing to the citizens, that owing to the decrease of the cholera, the Board of Health have deemed it unnecessary to continue their daily meetings, and will hereafter meet but once in each week. Since the last report of the Board, on Thursday, the prevailing disease has rapidly declined, and business has begun to revive. The Mayor is of opinion that travellers and persons from the country can visit the city without the least hazard; and the residents of the city, who left it at the commencement of the sickness, can now return to their homes in safety.

E. JOHNSON, Mayor.

Died, in this city, on the 28th instant, Wm. B. Schofield, editor and proprietor of the Western Galaxy. Of the periodical Mr. Schofield had just issued the apocryphal number, when he was seized with malignant cholera, which, in a few hours, terminated his earthly career. We understand this young man, who recently came to Buffalo, was a contributor to the New York Mirror and other literary works. He was about twenty-three years of age.

WANTED IMMEDIATELY.

Two or three smart active young men, to act as Travelling Agents for the Inquirer. Good encouragement will be given.

POETRY.

For the Inquirer.

LINES INSCRIBED TO

The morning sun was shining fair,
The dew-drop glisten'd in its ray,
Perfumes of roses fill'd the air,
And cheerful birds their morning lay

Along the verdant woods and plains
Were carolling in sweetest strains.
All nature seem'd with new delight,
To welcome in the rising day,
Sleep from the portals of the night,
With noiseless footsteps fled away.

Young Edwin rose with joyous haste,
The pleasures of the morn to taste.
Surrounded by a thousand charms,
He wander'd to his father's arms,
Arriv'd in all its fairest forms;
And gazing on a lovely flower,

The fairest which the summer shows,
He pluck'd it 'twas a beauteous rose.
And from its leaves of loveliest hue,
Just opening to the morning light,
He shook with ease the early dew,
Which gather'd on them through the night;
Then clasp'd it to his breast and cried,
"Fair rose, thou art my bosom's pride."

Be ever mine thou purest gem
While through life's sunny scenes we roam,
I pluck'd thee from thy parent stem—
To shield thee from the storm to come.
And wilt thou deign fair flower to dwell
Beside yon cot, so dear to me,
And bid all other scenes farewell,
Nor cherish in thy memory
One sad regret, but be my friend,
While summers last and flowers bloom.
And when life's journey is at end
To sweetly deck my lonely tomb?
She blushing answer'd "Yes, be there,
Thy constant friend, I'll ever be."

And from this hour, no spirit's power,
Nor aught my love from thee can sever,
Fast by thy cot, all else forgot,
I'll live and bloom for thee for ever."
Thus listening to her promises,
Young Edwin seal'd them with kisses;

But wandering on from bower to bower,
While still new charms delight his eye,
Edwin forgot the lovely flower he lov'd,
And threw it on the ground to die,
To fade, to wither and decay,
Ill fated floweret of a day.

The summer sun now fervent pours
His noontide rays upon the earth,
Now drooping hang the withering flowers
And hush'd the tuneful songs and mirth
Of birds—now sought the forest glade,
To sport them in the cooling shade.

Returning home at daylight's close,
As by the bower I chanced to stray,
I miss'd the poor neglected rose,
Which thoughtless Edwin cast away,
Its beauty once his choicest care
Had fled,—but left its fragrance there.

"And such," I cried, "is woman's heart,
And such me thought is beauty's power,
One dies, when pierc'd by sorrow's dart,
One fades, like this forsaken flower,
Which joyous meets the morn's first light,
Withers at noon, then sinks to night."

Then from this lesson learn vain man,
To trifle not with woman's love,
Oh! give not woman's bosom pain
Nor let thyself a traitor prove.
But cherish with thy fondest art,
The constancy of woman's heart.

And woman, learn from this frail flower,
The charms of beauty must decay,
Its bloom can wither in an hour,
Fleeting as morning's sunny ray,
And seek those things by heaven design'd
The lasting beauties of the mind.

That when around thee beats the storm,
And all thy outward charms are fled,
And thy now fair and lovely form
Is laid forgotten with the dead,
These, these shall live beyond the tomb,
And flourish in immortal bloom.

Buffalo Aug. 1834.

A.

MISCELLANY.

HUMAN LIFE, OR THE FIRST AND LAST MINUTE.

Minutes pass. The anxious husband paces slowly across his study. He is a father, a man child is born unto him. *Minutes pass*—the child has been blessed by a parent, whom it cannot recognize, and pressed to that bosom, to which instinct alone guides it for sustenance, the young wife too has faintly answered to a husband's questions, and felt his warm kiss on her forehead.

Hours pass. The low moaning from the closely covered cradle, tell of the first wants of its infant occupant. The quiet tread of the nurse speaks of suffering around her; while her glad countenance says that the very suffering which she is trying to alleviate, is a source of joy, and the nameless articles, which from time to time she arranges on the hearth, tell of a new claimant for the courtesies and attentions of those who have progressed further on the pathway of existence.

Days pass. Visions are thronging the chamber, and the mother, pale and interesting after her recent sickness, is receiving their congratulations, and listening proudly to their praises of the little treasure, which lies asleep in its rocking-bed at her feet. The scene shifts, and the father is there with her alone; as the twilight deepens about them, while they are planning the future destiny of their child.

Weeks pass. The eyes of the young mother are sparkling with health, and the rose blooms again on her cheek, and the cares of pleasure and home engage her attention, and the father is once more mingling with the world; yet they find many opportunities each day to visit the young inheritor of life: to watch over his dreamless slumber, to trace each other's looks in his countenance, and to ponder upon the felicity of which he is the bearer to them.

Months pass. The cradle is deserted. But the chamber floor is strewn with play things, and there is a little one loitering among them, whose half lisped words, and hearty laugh, and sunny countenance tell you, that the entrance into life is over a pathway of flowers. The cradle is empty, but the last prayers of the parents are uttered over the small crib, which stands by their own bedside, and their latest attention is given to the peaceful breathings of its occupant.

Years pass. Childhood has strengthened into boyhood and gambled along into manhood. Old connexions are broken, parents are sleeping in their graves, new intimacies are formed, a new home is

about him, new cares distract him. He is abroad, struggling amid the business of life, or resting from it with those whom he has chosen from his own generation. Time is beginning to wrinkle his forehead, and thought has robbed his looks of their gaiety and, study has dimmed his eyes. Those who began life, after he had grown up, are fast crowding him out of it, and there are many claimants upon his industry and love, for protection and support.

Years pass. His own children have become men, and are quitting him, as he also quitted the home of his fathers. His steps have lost their elasticity—his hand has become familiar with the cane, to which he is obliged to trust in his walks. He has left the bustle which fatigued him. He looks anxiously in each day's paper among the deaths—and then ponders over the name of an old friend, and tries to persuade himself, that he is younger, and stronger, and has a better hold upon life than any of his contemporaries.

Months pass. He gradually diminishes the circle of his activity. He dislikes to go abroad, where he finds so many new faces, and he grieves to meet his former companions, after a short absence, they seem to have grown so old and infirm. Quiet enjoyments only are relished, a little conversation about old times—a sober game at whist, a religious treatise, and his early bed, form for him the sum total of his pleasures.

Weeks pass. Infirmary keeps him to his chamber. His walks are limited to the small space between his easy chair and his bed. His swollen limbs are wrapped in flannel. His sight is failing, his ears refuse their duty and his cup is but half filled, since otherwise his shaking hand cannot carry it to his shrunk lips, without spilling its contents. His powers are weakened—his facilities are blunted his strength lost.

Days pass. The old man does not leave his bed, his memory is failing, he talks but cannot be understood, he asks questions but they relate to the transactions of a former generation, he speaks of occurrences, but the recollection of no one around him can go back to their scenes, he seems to commune with comrades, but when he names them, it is found that the waters of time and oblivion have long covered their tombs.

Hours pass. The taper grows dimmer and dimmer, the machinery yet moves more and more slowly, the sands are fewer as they measure the allotted span. The motion of those about him is unheeded, or become a vexation. Each fresh inquiry after his health is a knell. The springs of life can no longer force on its wheels, the "silver chord" is fast untwisting, the pitcher is broken at the fountain, and time "is a burthen." His children are about him, but he heeds them not, his friends are near, but he does not recognize them. The circle is completed. The course is run, and utter weakness brings the damp, which ushers in the night of death.

Minutes pass. His breathing grows softer and lower, his pulse beats fainter and feebler. Those around him are listening, but cannot tell when they cease. The embers are burnt out, and the blaze flashes not before it expires. His "three score years and ten" are numbered. Human life "is finished." [N. E. Galaxy.]

A SHIP DESTROYED BY A WHALE!—The mate was determined, if possible, to strike the leader of the troop of whales. He was of prodigious size, and worth any two of the others; but he was wary and watchful, and led his pursuer a tiresome chase, far away from his mates; and then, by a circuitous route, he came back again to his scattered convoy. Still did the baffled mate return to the charge, and endeavor to head his antagonist as he should rise to blow.

At last, the bubbling ripple from below indicated the approach of the animal to the surface, and a few vigorous pulls brought the boat to the spot where it was judged he would rise to its side. The oars were passed, and the word given to the harpooner to "stand up." The bow was turned to the spot—the oarsmen rested on their oars, ready to back off—and young Starbuck stood erect, cleared his line, and balanced his iron. He placed himself in the posture for striking, and was bracing his knees to the bow, when the lump of the monster emerged from the water. It was a moment of indescribable anxiety, but to no one more than to the harpooner. But what was the consternation of all, when the head of the animal turned suddenly over! It is a motion made by the sperm whale, preparatory to using his teeth upon an object floating upon the surface of the water. His huge under jaw armed with immense ivory tusks, parted with the rapidity of thought. The bow of the boat struck suddenly against his jaw, and poor Starbuck, in the act of launching his harpoon, lost his foothold, and pitched headlong into a live tomb! the jaws of the monster closed upon his body, leaving the legs of the victim projecting from the mouth!

The frightened mate lost his presence of mind, and omitted to give the word to back off. He held his steering oar without the power of motion. But one of the crew seeing the opportunity to be avenged for the loss of his companion, seized the sharp lance of the mate, and plunged it to the hilt in the body of the whale, as he turned to escape. In an instant the boat and the crew were driven into the air, by a stroke of the animal's tail. The frail bark was shivered into a thousand pieces, and the men bruised and lacerated, fell into the broad ocean.

All that had thus transpired was seen from the ships; and boats were dispatched forthwith to the relief of the wounded crew. Some had seized upon fragments of the wreck; while others sustained themselves with pieces of broken oars, supported beneath by the strong saline buoyancy so eminently peculiar to the unfathomable depths of the ocean.

The unfortunate crew were rescued in time to witness the last agonies of the desperate whale, which, like Sampson crushing the temple in his might, dealt death and destruction on all sides, while he himself was overwhelmed in the general ruin. The animal, blind with rage, and feeling the sting of the death-wound in his heart, whirled round the ships in regular circles for a long time, and then descended. The crews lay upon their oars, watching where he would next appear, while the ships were hove to to await the result. Suddenly a mighty mass emerged from the water, and shot up perpendicularly, with inconceivable velocity, into the air. It was the whale, and the effort was his last expiring throes! He fell dead, but in his descent he pitched headlong across the bows of the ship Grampus, and in one fell swoop carried away the entire fore part of the vessel. The crew escaped, by throwing themselves into the boats alongside, and rowing quickly off. The gallant ship instantly filled with water and settled from their sight. [Miriam Coffin.]

FRIENDSHIP.—I do not believe that friendship is always a plant of tardy growth, but that its increase depends on fruitful soils, genial rains, and delicate but assiduous cultivation. Whenever this plant suddenly springs up, towering, verdant and fruitful, it must be attributed to the kind hearts and hands that have made it so prolific; and although it has not withstood the storms of trial by which its strength may be tested, it bids fair to endure them bravely when duty demands the sacrifice. [Grigg.]

SCIENCE.—Science shows us the limits of our reason: Ignorance continually removes them farther from us. [St. Pierre.]

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.—Lord Grey held office as Premier for three years, seven months, and twenty-two days; his predecessor, the Duke of Wellington, not so long by nearly a year and a half. Great excitement had been produced in London, by the infliction of 300 lashes upon the person of a soldier by the name of Hutchinson, at the St. George's barracks, Charing Cross. The Duke of Wellington, since his appointment to the office of Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports, has paid to the treasury, for the public service, the whole amount of the proceeds of his office. The German papers bring us an account of a measure recently adopted in the south of Germany, by which all foreign Journals, except the *Moniteur*, are to be subjected to a censorship before they are allowed to be read.

The personal and political friends of Lord Grey are promoting a private subscription of £2000, to enable them to present Lady Grey with a statue of the late Premier, and the name of the Duke of Richmond is associated with that of the Duke of Sutherland, Lord Ebury, Mr. Denison, and Lord Holland, in this task of devotion to a distinguished statesman.

The Duke of Buccleugh has intimated his readiness to construct, at his own expense, a deep water harbor for Edinburgh, at Granton, on that part of the shore of the Frith of Forth belonging to his Grace, as soon as he is assured that the plan will be beneficial to the public, and that there is a reasonable prospect of a sufficient revenue after the expense is incurred.

FRANCE.—Marshal Soult has retired from the French Ministry, and has been succeeded by Marshal Gerard, both as Minister of War and President of the Council. Various rumors were afloat as to the causes of this change. Some have attributed it to the old marshal's expensive though effective appropriations for the military service, which were deemed incompatible with the views of the chamber who are studying economy, and acquiring increasing power over the public purse. Orders have been given by the French Government to the Prefets to prevent the entrance of Marshal Bourmont into France, even though he should be furnished with a regular passport. From these precautions taken, it is naturally to be inferred that M. Berryer and Marshal Bourmont had planned a meeting.

SPAIN.—There seems to be no longer any doubt, says the London Courier of the 21st, that Don Carlos has reached Spain, and according to his organs in Paris, he is immediately to march to Madrid at the head of seventeen thousand men. How he got to Spain is yet a matter of discussion, though the prevalent opinion at Paris seems to be, that he landed somewhere near Bayonne, and did not pass through France. He has appointed M. Villenur his Minister of War, and Zumalacarre his Commander in Chief. His presence in Spain, and this sort of organization, will probably make the war now one of armies, and it is hoped will put an end to those massacres which have occasionally of late disgraced Spain. The journals in the interest of Don Carlos are naturally much elated with his success, and they speak of Rodil's army being disaffected, and of the further success of Don Carlos as assured. How the contest may turn out it is impossible to conjecture, though, from the charge now urged against M. Jauge, that of misprison of treason in having contributed to levy war on an ally of France, it seems not unlikely that France, and, we presume, Portugal, will immediately offer their assistance in opposing Don Carlos. The letters from Madrid say that the alarm as to the cholera had much diminished, and that no doubt was then entertained that the Cortes would be assembled on the 24th. The results were generally considered to be more liberal than the Ministers. The Count de Toreno is again spoken of as the head of the Movement party, and as likely, on the meeting of the Cortes, or even before that time, to make a struggle to get rid of his colleagues and establish a Ministry disposed to go faster and further than that of M. Martinez de la Rosa.

Advices have been received from Madrid to the 9th of July inclusive, at which time all the apprehensions that had been indulged from a visitation of the cholera had subsided. The project of assembling the Cortes at Segovia was abandoned, and that body would meet at the capital on the 24th, to which place the Queen would return on the 22d. A regiment of grenadiers, commanded by Colonel Ferris, had left Segovia for Sigüenza, in order to attack the Curate Merino, who had his head quarters at the village of Oema. Coevillas, Basilio, and Sopelana lately joined him at Soria with eight hundred infantry and four hundred cavalry. The object of the Curate was to divert the attention of Gen. Rodil from the protection of the northern provinces. M. Zarco de Valle, Minister of War has tendered his resignation. His successor will be either generals Balanzet, Valdez or Llaner.

The Sentinelle des Pyrennees of Bayonne, on the 15th of June, states, that on the night of the 7th, a party of insurgents burnt alive three soldiers belonging to the Queen's troops upon the bridge of Santa Gracia, at the distance of a musket shot from Pampaluna. On the 8th three others suffered the same fate at a quarter of a league from Puente la Reyna, and four others about the same distance from Estella. Zumalacarre has chosen this mode of execution in revenge for the troops of the Queen having massacred some wounded Carlists whom they discovered in a village. It is also probable that the Carlist chiefs urge the people of Navarre to the commission of these barbarities in order to render any attempts at reconciliation impossible. By way of reprisal, the government has ordered fifteen of the insurgent prisoners to be shot. The following from Bilbao in of the 10th:—Generals Epartero, Benedicto, Bedoya, and Iriarte, after several marches and counter-marches, returned here yesterday with about 4,000 men. The only result of their expedition has been the seizure of 120 muskets found in some of the villages.

TURKEY.—Intelligence was received in Paris on the 19th ultimo, by a letter from Jassy, dated the 30th of June, stating that the English and French fleets demanded the passage by the Bosphorus, declaring that in case of refusal they would resort to force, and throwing all the responsibility of the events which might follow, on the Turkish cabinet. The Sultan granted the passage, and more than forty vessels were assembled before Constantinople. An extract of a letter from Smyrna, dated June 6th, states that the island of Samos surrendered to the Turkish fleet on the 24th of May, without resistance.

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